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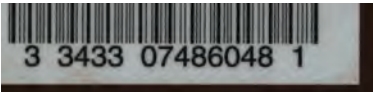
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TRIFLES

IN

VERSE.

BY A YOUNG SOLDIER.

VOL. II.

NCL

Entered in Stationers Hall.

TRIFLES

IN

VERSE.

BY

A YOUNG SOLDIER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Scribimus, indocti, doctique.—

VOL. II.

KELSO:

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TRIFLES
IN
VERSE.

JOB's COMPLAINT
AND CONSOLATION.

OH! were I now as in thoſe bliſsful days
When GOD protected me in all my ways!
When his Almighty Hand preſerv'd my youth,
And led my footſteps in the paths of truth;
Bright on my head the heav'nly luſtre ſhin'd,
And ſoundeſt knowledge beam'd upon my mind;
When round my knees my infant offspring clung,
And joyful accents liſp'd from ev'ry tongue.
Such num'rous flocks as man ne'er own'd before,
Supplied my tables with their milky ſtore;

Their ſnowy fleeces yielded rich attire,
And wealth was granted greater than deſ
Our [illegible] was furniſh'd from the fruitful
An[illegible], once barren, flow'd with [illegible]

When from my palace I approach'd th
Or took in council my diſtinguiſh'd ſeat,
The young before me modeſtly retir'd,
The aged honour'd, and the wiſe admir'
On ev'ry lip reſpectful ſilence ſate,
And Princes waited on my voice as Fate
Attentive chiefs my words were proud t
And ſages liſten'd with a willing ear.

Each eye that view'd me ſparkled with
And ev'ry heart exulted at the ſight,
Becauſe I ſhar'd my treaſures with the n
And needy ſtrangers enter'd at my door.
The wretch by famine ready to expire,
The helpleſs orphan found in me a fri

I heal'd the wounded, ſooth'd the inward ſmart,
And baniſh'd ſorrow from the widow's heart;
The loſs of limbs my tender care ſupplied,
And blindneſs bleſs'd me as its faithful guide.
As bounteous ſhow'rs that fertilize the ſoil,
Rear up the ſeed, and lighten human toil;
So men depended on my lib'ral hand,
And ſo I ſcatter'd bleſſings round the land.
Array'd in juſtice, and with judgment crown'd,
The cauſe I knew not my enquiries found;
I fill'd the ſons of rapine with diſmay,
And ſtripp'd the brutal ſpoilers of their prey;
Strong was my hand, unerring was my bow,
And juſtly dreaded by th' ungodly foe;
The warlike troops acknowledg'd me their chief,
I ſhar'd their labours, and aſſuag'd their grief;
Firſt to the field undauntedly I came,
And led to battle, victory, and fame.
From day to day my pow'r and glory grew,
As herbage moiſten'd by refreſhing dew;

As trees that flouriſh by the river's ſide,
Firmly take root, and ſpread their branches wide
So gay my foliage grew, ſo faſt my root,
So fair my bloſſoms, and ſo ſweet my fruit.
I vainly promis'd on a length of years,
By cares unruffled, undiſturb'd by fears;
And fondly hop'd (ſince mortals muſt decay)
That age ſhould gently ſteal my life away;
Beneath the roof where firſt I drew my breath
I thought to feel the tender ſtroke of death;
To live belov'd, expire without a ſigh,
And filial fondneſs cloſe my feeble eye.

But while depending on a fair increaſe,
A noon of ſplendor, and a night of peace;
A ſudden darkneſs overcaſts the ſkies,
The thunder rages, and the whirlwinds riſe,
Pregnant with death the awful tempeſt lowrs,
The lightning flaſhes, and the torrent pours!

My flocks, my herds,—but what, ah! what are
My num'rous progeny were fnatch'd away! [they?
Th' Almighty's terrors fill my ſoul with dread,
And all his vengeance burſts upon my head!
My GOD at once withdraws his tender care,
And ills unnumber'd plunge me in deſpair!
The felleſt poiſons of his keeneſt dart,
Drink up my blood, and feſter in my heart!

THE harp and ſong no more my hours employ,
Nor holy organs raiſe the ſoul to joy;
The notes of melody I now forego,
For ſounds of ſadneſs, and the voice of woe;
With bitter tears I ſprinkle all my food,
And roar with anguiſh like the raging flood.
No moment's reſt my tortur'd frame can take,
My bones are waſted, and my ſinews ache;
A helpleſs lump of putrid ſores I lie,
Nauſeous to touch, and loathſome to the eye;

All

All night I groan the tedious hours away,
Toſs on my couch, and weary for the day;
Or in my ſlumbers frightful phantoms roll,
And dreams of horror harrow up my ſoul;
The morning comes, but brings me no relief,
No eaſe to pain, no comfort to my grief.

My tender heart no cold diſtinctions kept,
But ever ſorrow'd with the wretch that wept;
Yet, tho' my pity was to all ſo free,
No kind conſoler miniſters to me!
My cruel kindred from my preſence fly,
And friends, unfeeling, come no longer nigh;
They whom my ſoul eſteem'd its better part,
Who ſhar'd the inmoſt ſecrets of my heart,
Now ev'ry other happineſs is loſt,
They too forſake me—when I want them moſt!
They whom the bounty of my hand had rear'd,
They with the reſt unkindly diſappear'd!

The

The fond companions of my proſp'rous ſtate
Repay my friendſhip with contempt and hate!
Nay! ſhe, whoſe love ſhould ſoften ev'ry care,
Avoids my breath as peſtilential air,
And no compaſſion on my pains will take,
Altho' I crave it for our offspring's ſake!
I call the meaneſt ſervant of my train,
Nay, I entreat him, but entreat in vain!

My God has ſuffer'd my polluted foes
To glut their utmoſt malice with my woes;
They view my ſuff'rings with delighted eyes,
Laugh at my pangs, and glory in my ſighs!
The meaneſt ſtripling, whoſe ignoble ſire
Had gladly labour'd as my ſlave for hire;
(For crimes expell'd the chearful haunts of men,
He knew no dwelling but the rocky den;
All day he wander'd in the lonely wood,
And pick'd the taſteleſs berries for his food;—)

The

The wretch, deſcended from this outcaſt race,
Derides, reviles, and mocks me to my face.
Stripp'd of my glory, to the duſt I fall,
And drink a potion bitter as the gall!
Thus, in my ſorrow, to the worm I ſay,
"Thou art my brother, and our parent clay!"
We ſhall together in the duſt remain!—
My hope is blaſted ne'er to bloom again!

MAY the day periſh that my mother's throws
Procur'd my paſſage to this world of woes!
May it no more like other days appear,
And be no longer number'd in the year!
Let not the roſy dawn adorn the ſkies,
But bleak and diſmal may the morn ariſe!
Still let the ſun conceal his gladſome ray,
And clouds of darkneſs overſpread the day!
Let midnight gloom the noon-tide hours pervade,
And death-like horrors mingle with the ſhade!

Let

Let neither moon nor ſtars emit their light,
But blackneſs hover o'er the fatal night!
Let dreary ſolitude the hours employ,
And ſeal'd in ſilence be the voice of joy!
Oh! had my GOD pronounc'd a milder doom,
And bid me periſh ere I left the womb!
While yet unconſcious of the ills of fate,
How ſweet is dying in an infant ſtate!
Why was I fondly on the knee careſs'd,
Lull'd in the cradle, nouriſh'd on the breaſt!
Thus unattended with officious care,
My ſoul had never languiſh'd in deſpair;
Decreed in peace the tearleſs eye to cloſe,
And death to rock me into ſweet repoſe!—
There had I ſlumber'd with the kings of earth,
The great in wiſdom, and the high in birth,
Whoſe mighty duſt, with fruitleſs pomp, conſumes
In ſculptur'd monuments, and marble tombs;—
Their ſplendor bounded by the narrow aiſle,
Whoſe thrones have glitter'd with a people's ſpoil.

WHY is exiſtence to the wretched given,
Who wiſh to hide them from the light of heaven?
Why years continue after years to roll,
To him who taſtes of bitterneſs of ſoul?
Altho' for death more ardently he pines
Than all the treaſures of the richeſt mines;—
He views with joy his reſcuer appear,
And firſt finds comfort when the grave is near!
There cruel deſpots can no more moleſt,
And weary wand'rers find a place of reſt;
There undiſturb'd the priſoners may ſleep,
And no oppreſſor waken them to weep;
The equal grave reſpects no high degree,
The tyrant's humbled, and the ſlave ſet free.
He who exulted in the bloom of health,
Proud of his ſtrength, and happy in his wealth,
Yet gay in youth, the mighty boaſter dies,
And ſtretch'd in duſt beſide the wretch he lies.

Together

Together mingled in one common clay,
The great and humble feel the ſame decay!
As babes that never ripen'd into birth,
They lie forgotten in the womb of earth!
As clouds a while deform the face of day,
Deſcend in rains, or paſs in winds away;
So he that goeth to that dark domain,
To light and ſunſhine ne'er returns again;—
No more ſhall he behold his native place,
His wife, his children, or his father's race;
Each worldly wiſh, each tender tie forgot,—
His offspring proſpers, and he knows it not;—
The hand of violence has laid them low,
But he no longer feels a father's woe.
The vaſſal crowd that own'd him for their lord,
Clad from his flocks, and nouriſh'd at his board,
Now all his glory, all his pomp is o'er,
They, even they! remember him no more!—

How ſhort the ſpace that Heav'n allots to man!
Yet ah! how bitter is that little ſpan!
The child of woman like a ſhadow flies,
Fades like the graſs, and like the roſes dies!
The tree, tho' mangled by the woodman's blow,
May ſprout again, and twigs luxuriant grow;
Tho' deep in earth the rev'rend root be hid,
The trunk divided, and the branches dead,
Yet fed by paſſing ſtreams and genial rain,
It buds, and flouriſhes in youth again.
But man once blaſted by the deadly ſting,
Shall he e'er bloſſom in a ſecond ſpring?

AGE after age our ſound repoſe we take,
'Till the Creator wills us to awake.
From their long ſlumbers ere the dead ariſe,
Earth ſhall be vaniſh'd, and diſſolv'd the ſkies.
The world's Redeemer lives and reigns above,
The ſource of mercy, and eternal love;

When

When earth and ocean ſink into decay,
He comes in triumph on the judgment-day;
Then, not till then, and at th' Almighty's call,
The graves ſhall open, and ſurrender all!
At the appointed hour, I firmly truſt,
My GOD ſhall raiſe me, tho' corrupt in duſt;
Tho' ev'ry limb ſhall be the reptile's food,
And earth ſhall fatten on my vital blood,
Yet ſhall I waken from the drear abode,
And in the body ſtand before my GOD!
Theſe eyes, long darken'd in the ſhades of night,
Shall yet behold him deck'd in all his might!
My ſoul in ſight of angels ſhall appear
Unſtain'd by malice, and from falſhood clear;
Far from his throne ſhall hypocrites be driven,
But my Salvation is the PRINCE of HEAVEN!

To

To Mr ——— ———.

YOU oft have argu'd, and at laſt you prove,
That JILTS are found in FRIENDSHIP as in LOVE;
For-ever changing all mankind we ſee,
And can theſe changes reach not you or me?
Alas! they can!—My Friend appears no more
The pleaſing, lively youth he was before!
Your heart the ſame integrity retains,
But there no longer gen'rous friendſhip reigns;
A thouſand cares, in happier days unknown,
Poſſeſs that heart I fondly deem'd my own;
Your time 's devoted to a wiſer end,—
You worſhip fortune, and neglect your friend;—
From whence this inference is aptly made,
The FRIEND is buried in the MAN of TRADE.

No more our manners or purſuits agree,—
You follow bus'neſs, glory pleaſes me;

My

My fate (or folly, you perhaps will ſay,)
Decrees me widely round the world to ſtray;
To range far diſtant from my native ſhore,
Perhaps in ſafety to return no more.
While you, content to vegetate at home,
Are fir'd no longer with the wiſh to roam;
You quit the buſtle of a ſoldier's life,
And ſeek retirement, and a ruſtic wife;
In hopes of gain, you ſit ignobly down
A plodding burgeſs in a country town;
The manly ſpirit, that inform'd you, dies,
And you are ſinking never more to riſe.

Impell'd by fancy, or by Nature's voice,
I neither pity, nor condemn your choice;
To you as happy ſuch a life may be,
As martial glory and parade to me.
But 'tis not friendſhip barely to approve,—
'Tis ſomething ſtronger, near a-kin to love;

Like

Like it, too fond of freedom to be preſs'd,
It comes and goes a voluntary gueſt;
Could wiſhes ſhorten, or prolong its ſtay,
Sure none would trifle ſuch a bliſs away!
Were paſſions ſubject to the human will,
Your heart is honeſt, and had lov'd me ſtill;
But only ſympathy attracts the ſoul,—
And ſince we differ far as pole from pole,
How can we longer feel the ſacred flame
That glow'd ſo brightly when we were the ſame?
Away! where ſelfiſh avarice invites!
I 'll ſeek more ſocial, more ſincere delights!
Tho' oft deceiv'd, yet ſtill I hope to find
That beſt of bleſſings, a congenial mind;—
A heart that beats in uniſon with mine,
And feels the fervour I believ'd in thine;
While you ſhall ſtudy to augment your ſtore,
And never, never, feel affection more.

WRIT-

WRITTEN IN A VILLAGE.

WHILE here in dulneſs doom'd to ſtay,
Remov'd from all that 's fair and gay,
Oh! could I baniſh from my mind
The joys I can no longer find;
And think no more of flowing bowls,
Of blooming nymphs, and jovial ſouls,
'Till Fortune ſend th' auſpicious hour
That gives me with the wiſh the pow'r!
Then ev'ry aukward ruſtic here,
Shall lend new beauties to my dear;
And ev'ry hour I here deſtroy,
Give double reliſh to my joy.

THE PROSTITUTE's COMPLAINT.

OF all the trades e'er tyranny devis'd,
The moſt laborious, and the moſt deſpis'd;
Of all the lives of infamy and pain
That wretches ſuffer for the luſt of gain;
Of all that mortals bear for paſſion's ſake,
Or want impels mankind to undertake;
To our unhappy ſiſterhood alone,
No hope, no interval of eaſe is known!
We change for ever, but whate'er our lot,
We ſtill from happineſs are far remote.

BEHOLD the picture on the brighteſt ſide,
When love is flowing in a golden tide;
When deck'd in glitter, elegance, and ſhow,
And all around us pleaſure ſeems to glow;
While we indulge, ere yet our ſeaſon flies,
In ev'ry luxury that life ſupplies,—

They

They know but little who infer from this,
That Proſtitution is a life of bliſs:
The gaudy baubles, and the gay attire,
Are but the badges of a ſlave to hire;
The ſmile that pleaſes, is the ſmile of art,
To hide the anguiſh of an aching heart;
Or, all our ſeeming gaiety of ſoul,
Flows from the vapours of the madd'ning bowl;—
Our ſole alternatives (ſo curs'd we are!)
Are but intoxication, or deſpair.

THE ſlave who digs, or at the anvil glows,
Retires ſecurely to his night's repoſe;
But in uncertainty our reſt we take,
By noon we ſlumber, and by night we wake.
Altho' I ſtretch me on the bed of down,
The couch of lewdneſs is not all my own;—
I 'm forc'd to ſhare it (ſo ſevere my fate!)
Not with the man I love, but him I hate.

The fond deſire that ſparkles in my eyes,
Is but to flatter him whom I deſpiſe;
With feign'd affection, in my arms I fold
The wretch I ſhudder only to behold.
Not to the brave, the delicate, and kind,
Are my contaminated charms confin'd;—
Submiſſive ſtill to ev'ry lecher's call,
Enjoy'd, inſulted, and contemn'd by all:—
Now to the feeble arms of graceleſs age,
And now ſubjected to the ruffian's rage;
The madman's fury, howſoe'er unjuſt,
The drunkard's humours, and the whims of luſt
And ev'n his cruel appetites to pleaſe,
Who brings deſtruction, horrors, and diſeaſe!

If curs'd the blooming Proſtitute muſt live,
With all that wealth can buy, or beauty give;—
If thus unhappy her moſt ſplendid ſtate,
How much more gloomy in her humbler fate!

The

The many evils ſhe ſuſtain'd before,
She feels more keenly, and a thouſand more.
Of fickle fortune all the world complain,
But what ſo fleeting as the Strumpet's reign?
By quick deſcent the faireſt minion falls,
From gilded canopies to clay-built walls;
In ſwift ſucceſſion is the victim led,
From ſilken ſofas to the truckle bed.
Her limbs, that rich brocades were wont to wear,
A rag ſcarce covers from th' inclement air;
And ſhe who never felt the wind to blow,
Scarce finds a ſhelter from the froſt and ſnow.
The gen'rous wines, the viands rich and rare,
Are chang'd for hunger, or the coarſeſt fare.
Diſeaſe has ſtol'n the luſtre from her eye,
Her beauty withers, and her roſes die;
In conſtant agonies ſhe melts away,
And ſinks beneath a premature decay!
Of her no watchful Providence takes care,
No hope ſupports, no God accepts her pray'r!

No

No eye to ſhed the ſympathizing tear,
No helping hand, no kind conſoler near;
In all the extaſies of death ſhe lies,—
Alone, unpitied, and unfriended dies!
Her guilty ſpirit quits her in diſmay,
And vengeful dæmons ſeize it as their prey!

WARN'D by this picture, not more ſad than true,
A luckleſs woman ſets before your view,
May you, ye young and yet unpractis'd fair,
Avoid the ſhining, but deſtructive ſnare!
Still may you keep the ſafe and pleaſant road,
Nor tread the paths of bitterneſs I 've trod!
And you, ye fav'rite daughters of the ſkies,
Pure as you 're fair, and innocent as wiſe,
Let not our errors, but our ſuff'rings move,
And learn to pity, tho' you diſapprove!

THE

THE GAMESTER.

THE wretch infected with the luſt of Game
Is dead to party, principle, and fame;
No other paſſion can his ſoul engage,
He knows no ſex, no country, and no age;
For him no beauty blooms,—no ſmiles invite,
No charms attract him, and no parts delight;—
Nor love, nor friendſhip does he ever feel,
Nor public ſpirit, nor religious zeal.
Alike the vernal ſhow'rs, and winter's ſnow,—
For him no daiſies ſpring, no roſes blow;
He ſhuns the beauties of the youthful May,
Nor can her zephyrs waft his cards away;
He heeds not Nature's voice, nor Paſſion's call,
And ſcorns the labours of the LORD of ALL.
Unlov'd, unloving,—tho' in crowds, alone,—
His hopes, his fears, his griefs are all his own.

Amidſt

Amidſt ſociety he takes his way,
Not as a member, but a beaſt of prey;
Self all his care, and craft his only creed,
He is an INDIVIDUAL indeed! *

To ——————.

TO be approv'd, oh! how muſt I behave!
Alike I 'm cenſur'd, whether gay or grave;
In ſerious intervals you ſtile me ſad,
And when I 'm merry you pronounce me mad;
Whether I ſigh, or throw my cares aſide,
Officious meddlers find pretence to chide.

* I have taken a ſlight hint of part of this character from an obſervation of the elegant Mrs Brooke, in one of her novels;—or rather that lady's remark recalled to mind what my own reflections had often ſuggeſted.

THE

THE DANGERS OF PUBLICATION.

TO MY FRIENDS ENTRUSTED WITH THE CUSTODY OF MY LITTLE POEMS *.

WHEN far from hence your luckleſs Poet ſtrays,
And leaves with you his juvenile Eſſays,
Let not your friendſhip, partial to exceſs,
Commit theſe artleſs Trifles to the Preſs!
Why to the Public would you introduce
Theſe themes intended but for private uſe?
Myſelf too oft the ſubject of my ſong,
The private ſorrow, and the private wrong.

* The Author ſuſpected, what indeed was the caſe, that his friends intended to publiſh theſe Poems, after his departure. This was one reaſon, amongſt others, that at laſt induced him to preſent them to the World himſelf, leſt a more imperfect copy might be obtruded upon them. Though his intentions in this reſpect have been in ſome meaſure defeated, by his being obliged to leave the kingdom ſooner than he expected.

Alas! my Friends, how little do you know
The fiery ordeal Authors undergo!
We are not only tried by candor's laws,—
More partial judges will decide our cauſe:
Now to the critic's laſh we muſt ſubmit,
The grin of folly, and the ſneer of wit;
The ſpleen, that forms a thouſand faults with eaſe,
And envy, ſtill more difficult to pleaſe;
To ev'ry ſcribbler's rage that lurks unſeen
Behind a chronicle, or magazine,
Whence ſecret malice his revenge may take,
And damn the writings for the writer's ſake.
A boy to dare in ſuch attempts t' engage,
Would rouſe the rev'rend inſolence of age;
I dread ſtill more the petulance of youth,
That ſpurns at reaſon, and that flies from truth.

BEHOLD my young and inexperienc'd Muſe
Hiſs'd by the wits, and ſentenc'd by reviews!

See all indulge their vengeance on my rhymes,
Who feel them touch their follies, or their crimes,
While at a diſtance from the critic's reign,
Th' unconſcious Author anſwers not again *.—
No patron ſmiles, no paragraphers puff,—
Indeed my caſe is deſperate enough!
For me no hand takes up the friendly quill,
And critics treat my TRIFLES as they will.

SENSIBILITY.

TO MYSELF, ON BOASTING OF EASE AND INDIFFERENCE OF MIND.

AH! haughty Stoic, ſearch thy heart again,
And feel that all thy apathy is vain!
Go writhe with anguiſh, or exult in bliſs,
For Nature mean'd thee not for eaſe like this!

* This is, in fact, the ſituation in which the Trifles have at laſt appeared. The Author is at a diſtance, unable to anſwer either for them or himſelf. They are therefore ſubmitted entirely to the mercy of a candid and generous Public.

A heart ſhe gave to ſympathy awake,
To glow with raptures, or with pangs to ache;
To feel acutely when with ills oppreſs'd,
And bleed with pity for a friend diſtreſs'd.
Thy tender heart was kindly form'd to prove
The ſweets of friendſhip, and the joys of love;
But ſhort and few the bleſſings we obtain,
And dearly purchas'd by long years of pain:
The time muſt come that friends and lovers part,
And cruel abſence rend the feeling heart!
Swift fly the hours while love and friendſhip reign,
But tedious abſence pays them all again!
Oh painful thought! dull apathy is gone,—
And, SENSIBILITY, I 'm all thy own.

A CHANGE OF TASTE.

(Written in a Village.)

IN town, where one may pick and cull,
I found Jocoso dev'liſh dull;
His ſtyle was coarſe, his ſtories long,
His humour low, his maxims wrong;
I told the minutes of his ſtay,
And, yawning, wiſh'd him far away.
But in this ſolitary place,
I view with joy his ſtupid face,
And liſten to him in amaze,
Admiring ev'ry word he ſays,
While he recites his clumſy jokes
With all the livelineſs of Fox;
I court his ſtay, his exit mourn,
And count the hours 'till he return.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING BRITAIN*.

OH! muſt I leave my native Britiſh ſhore,—
Perhaps, oh dreadful, ne'er to ſee it more!
To hoſtile regions far from hence I go,—
My fate, or folly, has decreed it ſo!
Nor ſword, nor cannon does my ſoul appal,—
I 'll brave the ocean, and I 'll dare the ball:
But oh! how painful to the feeling heart,
With all it loves moſt tenderly to part!
No future dangers muſt a ſoldier mind,
Yet love and friendſhip claim one look behind.
Of all the evils, all the plagues of war,
The pangs of parting are the worſt by far.

* This was written during the war, when the Author expected to have been employed in America.

AN

AN APOLOGY

FOR FEMALE FRAILTY IN LOVE.

'TIS moſt ſurprizing to a thinking mind,
How names and forms impoſe upon mankind!
The married dame who wallows ev'ry night,
In all the lechery of groſs delight;
Who tries each wanton feat, each am'rous play,
Deſire can dictate, or her ſpouſe obey;
Or, ſhe whoſe blood 's ſo temperately cold,
She knows no paſſion but the love of gold,
Who nightly proſtitutes her youthful charms,
In ſome debilitated huſband's arms;
If only cover'd by the name of ſpouſe,
Their whoredom 's ſanction'd by their nuptial vows;
Amidſt debauchery reputed chaſte,
Its ſweets, without its infamy, they taſte.

BUT

BUT if the ſofter, ſweeter, gentler maid,
By ſenſibility, by love betray'd,
Tho' yet unbound by vulgar human ties,
Preſume to taſte the pureſt, beſt of joys;
If paſſion triumph thro' a lover's art,
Or pity mollify too ſoft a heart;
If ev'ry gen'rous tender feeling move,
To grant the laſt and ſtrongeſt proof of love;
The world deſerts her, half the ſex deride,
And whores inſult her with a matron's pride;
Her want of decency, and boundleſs luſt,
Excite their hatred, fury, and diſguſt.

REFLECT more coolly, and you 'll ſurely own,
That greater want of decency is ſhewn,
When wanton bride-maids lead the wiſhing bride,
And fairly place her by the huſband's ſide;
When cakes devouring, and with poſſets fed,
She ſits in triumph on the bridal bed;

When

When titt'ring damſels ſlowly quit the place,
And leave the pair to propagate their race;
Thus tantaliz'd, each virgin's blood takes fire,
And glows with mad inordinate deſire.

How much more delicate the nymph whoſe zone
Is loos'd in preſence of her ſwain alone!
She forms, for months before, no ſettled plan
To yield her beauties to the uſe of man;
But free from guilt, and therefore unprepar'd,
At once is vanquiſh'd when ſhe 's off her guard.

Poss'ss'd of all that 's truly to be priz'd,
For ſuch a treſpaſs ſhall ſhe be deſpis'd?
At moſt, the laws of prudence ſhe neglects,
And truſts too freely to a faithleſs ſex.
The married dame is like the cautious cit,
Who gives no credit—leſt he ſhould be bit;
When moſt affectionate, yet prudent ſtill,
He lends his money but on BOND or BILL:

While ſhe who thus anticipates delight,
Without the ſanction of the marriage rite,
Is like the honeſt unſuſpecting ſoul,
Who ſeeks no ſurety but a FRIEND'S PAROLE.

WILDAIR.

A CHARACTER.

STRONG paſſions drive, or ſoft deſires entice,
The Sons of Folly to the paths of vice;
But, no impetuous appetites to lead,
Phlegmatic WILDAIR—what has he to plead?
No warmth of temper, and no heat of blood,
Whoſe youthful ſallies cannot be withſtood;
No fond credulity that can betray,
No ſenſibility that leads aſtray:
His vices are no errors of a heart,
Or bad by nature, or debauch'd by art;
His heart, too cold to rouſe at paſſion's call,
Is no accomplice in his guilt at all.

No!

No! WILDAIR only ſeeks the ſweets of ſin,
To fill the tireſome vacancy within;
Poſſeſs'd of no ideas of his own,
External objects can amuſe alone.
He games with ſharpers, betts as high as they,
Yet never truly felt the luſt of play.
Tho' dull, for ever in ſome mad exploit,
And full of miſchief, deſtitute of ſpite;
Fond of the frolic, ere the time arrives,
Which ſome more fertile libertine contrives,
But e'er the mirthful hour be well begun,
The joyleſs WILDAIR wiſhes it were done.
When mellow mortals meet to baniſh care,
WILDAIR is ſtill moſt eager to be there;
Yet did he never feel the ſocial ſoul
Expand with pleaſure o'er the friendly bowl;—
Not all the ſtrength of elevating wine
Can raiſe his ſpirits, or can make him ſhine.
Then what enjoyment of the ſcene has he?
Noiſe without mirth, and laughter void of glee:

At laſt, while jovial bucks their vigils keep,
Poor WILDAIR hiccups, yawns, and falls aſleep.

FOR nights of bliſs he languiſhes all day,
And pines for beauty when the nymph 's away;
But when they meet, how feeble is his joy!
How cold his tranſports, and how ſoon they cloy!
A thouſand objects of delight he tries,
He graſps the ſhadow, but the ſubſtance flies;
He pulls the huſk, but never taſtes the fruit,
For pleaſure always baffles his purſuit;
In expectation all his joys conſiſt,
And expectation never can be bleſt!
The future not more ardently deſir'd,
Than was the preſent ere it was acquir'd;
Dull as the current moment ſeems to move,
Alike inſipid ſhall the future prove.
'Tis paſt the pow'r of pleaſure, or of pelf,
To ranſom wretched WILDAIR from himſelf.

TO

TO MONIMIA.

OF all the miſeries that ſoldiers prove,
There 's none ſo dreadful as the pangs of love!
The peaceful citizen, and happy ſwain,
Indulge ſecurely in the pleaſing pain;
But if the roving military blade, [trade,
Whoſe ſword 's his portion, and grim war his
In ſome unguarded, inauſpicious hour,
Should yield his heart to love's reſiſtleſs pow'r;
Ambition loſes all her former charms,
He joys no longer in the din of arms,
But with reluctance is the call obey'd,
When duty drags him from the lovely maid.
The drum delights, the trumpet cheers no more;
He loaths whatever he admir'd before,
And vainly curſes his unhappy choice,
That barter'd bleſſings for parade and noiſe.

In vain thro' vaſt and various climes he roves,
His heart ſtill lingers with the maid he loves;
But how much deeper is that heart's diſtreſs,
If form'd, like mine, with feelings in exceſs!

GRANT me MONIMIA, ſince 'tis all I crave,
That ſhare of pity other wretches have!
Thy friendly wiſhes are to all ſo free,
Perhaps they may not be denied to me!
Could I but hope to be ſo wond'rous bleſt,
As raiſe one ſoft idea in thy breaſt,
The glorious thought would cheer the weary way,
Would lighten abſence, and abridge my ſtay!

THE

THE AFFINITY OF JOY AND GRIEF.

PERHAPS no GRIEF more ready to deſtroy,
Nor worſe to quiet than the PANGS of JOY.
Tumultuous pleaſure turns the giddy brain,
Flutters the pulſe, and glows in ev'ry vein;
Conveys diſorder into ev'ry part,
Confounds the ſoul, and ſickens at the heart.
The height of bliſs how hardly we attain,
Since human happineſs itſelf is pain!
So like the ſhape theſe kindred rivals take,
That both emotions teach the heart to ache;
In both we loſe the balmy bliſs of ſleep,
In both we fever, and in both we weep.—
In this alone the likeneſs diſappears,
That JOY 's for MOMENTS, and that GRIEF 's
for YEARS.

TO

TO MONIMIA.

ON HER DESIRING A PERUSAL OF SOME OF MY POEMS.

HAST thou, my faireſt, as a favour ſought
To read the Trifles thy poor Poet wrote?
Is there a want MONIMIA could conceive,
Her Soldier were not happy to relieve?
Does he from Nature any gift enjoy,
He would not proudly for thy uſe employ?
My Heart, my Muſe, my Sword, whate'er is mine,
(Ah! had I fortune!) ALL are truly THINE!
Bleſs'd be the page, more fortunate than I,
O'er which my Charmer breathes a tender ſigh!
Bleſs'd be the hour on which the Muſe inſpir'd
One line that e'er MONIMIA has admir'd!

If e'er my verſes ſhould thy fancy take,
Oh! could'ſt thou love me for my Muſe's ſake!
But far more exquiſite my bliſs would be,
Had ſhe thy favour for the ſake of me!
Then might the critics cenſure or approve,
I'd ſcorn their verdict, if I gain'd in love!

To Mr MACKLIN,

OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE,

On his Comedy of the Man of the World, &c*.

WITH fiery youth let thirſt of diſcord ceaſe,—
The old man's virtue is the love of peace!
Why, hoary foe to harmony and me,
Delight in cauſing friends to diſagree!
Why doſt thou ever, with malicious aim,
Perſiſt in fanning an expiring flame?

* Publiſhed in the London Chronicle.

ERE yet fair ſcience deign'd on us to ſmile,
And Gothic darkneſs overſpread our Iſle,
Long bloody wars two ſiſter ſtates employ'd,
Our wealth exhauſted, and our ſtrength deſtroy'd;
At laſt the gods our groundleſs hate remove,
And now unite us in the bonds of love.—
Then ſure the wretch incurs the wrath of Heaven,
Beyond the ſlighteſt hope to be forgiven,
Whoſe impious pen, or diabolic mind,
Would wiſh to part whom gods and men have join'd!

LET Vice aſſume what ſhape or ſize ſhe will,
In gall and wormwood dip thy keeneſt quill;
By me uncenſur'd, drag her to the ſtage,
And hold her children up to public rage.
But, ever glowing with a partial zeal,
Why muſt my Sons alone thy vengeance feel?

Are

Are there not Villains of HIBERNIAN breed?
And BRITISH Scoundrels born be-ſouth the [TWEED?
If reformation be the Poet's plan,
Why laſh the country, or point out the man?
The thoughtleſs crowd the ſatire miſapply,
Pick up the droſs, and let the gold go bye;
A foreign accent, or provincial ſtyle,
Excite the rabble's roar, the coxcomb's ſmile;
Too dull to mark what truly merits blame,
Not Vice, but Country ſeems expos'd to ſhame;
While the judicious few indignant ſit,
And ſcorn your malice, tho' they own your wit.

SCOTIA.

TO MONIMIA.

AH! will you yet my character miſtake;
And think me ſtill the wav'ring wand'ring rake!
From fair to fair I own I've wildly rov'd,
They pleas'd my ſenſes,—but my heart ne'er lov'd.

How pure the pleaſing paſſion you inſpire,
Where tender friendſhip joins with chaſte deſire!
Thy ſoft dominion has improv'd my mind,
My manners poliſh'd, and my heart refin'd;
No more I join the giddy and the gay
When wanton fancies hurry them away;
No more delight in idle jeſts I find,
And groundleſs raillery at womankind;
But in their proper garb my reaſon decks
Thy modeſt, delicate, and charming ſex:
Tho' few poſſeſs accompliſhments like thine,
Yet many merit higher praiſe than mine.
So ſweet a ſhape in thee does virtue take,
I 'll honour her, and woman for thy ſake.

CURS'D be the wretch (if ſuch a one there be)
Who dares to breathe one worthleſs wiſh for thee!
And Heav'n devote him to eternal ſhame,
Who joins one looſe idea with thy name!

THE

THE POWER OF ABSENCE.

INSCRIBED TO NARCISSUS.

MOST men in Abſence a ſpecific prove
To weaken friendſhip, and to baniſh love;
With tears, and ſighs, and poignant pangs of heart,
The friend, the lover, and the miſtreſs part;
But by degrees new ſcenes attract the eyes,
New friends, new lovers, new attachments riſe.
So weak, ſo changeable, and ſo confin'd,
Is ev'n the generous and noble mind,
That friends in ſight grow dearer ev'ry day,
While time and diſtance wear old friends away.

IF ſuch a phœnix, or a fool there be
(But let that phœnix never more be me!)
Who, full of expectation, fondly flies
To ſeek in former friendſhips former joys,
Too ſure he 'll find the joy to meet again
But poorly recompence the parting pain!

LOVE

LOVE PREFERRED TO FAME.

THE approbation of the fair and wiſe,
Of taſte and ſenſibility I prize;
I mind no critics, nor their rules of art,
If I can pleaſe, and touch the tender heart;
If o'er my woes the man of feeling ſigh,
Or beauty read them with a melting eye,—
By ſuch applauſe my heart were more conſol'd,
Than if ten thouſand pedants had extoll'd.

YET may all elſe approve my verſe in vain,
If ſhe I doat on love me not again!
Fame, I 'd renounce thee, could thy loſs remove,
The killing coldneſs of the laſs I love,
And by the favour of my charming maid,
I 'd think the ſacrifice too richly paid!

A REQUEST.

TO MONIMIA.

SINCE far from thee by Fate condemn'd to rove,
And abſence dooms my tender heart to ache,
Oh! grant me, dear and only maid I love,
A gift I 'll doat on for thy charming ſake!

Oh! let me hope thou kindly wilt beſtow,
The precious preſent I preſume to ſeek!—
One Lock that ſhaded thy enchanting brow,
Or gaily wanton'd near thy roſy cheek!

One roving Ringlet that had wildly ſtray'd,
In hopes of wand'ring to thy ſnowy breaſt,
Or round thy neck had innocently play'd,
Ere Faſhion's forms forbid it to be bleſs'd!

I 'll

I 'll fondly wear it neareſt to my heart!
As the ſweet ſymbol of thy ſilken chains,
Nor with the tender token will I part,
While in that heart the vital ſpark remains!

Cloſe I 'll conceal it from each curious eye,
No hand ſhall ever near my treaſure ſtray;
All night upon my boſom it ſhall lie,
And be my dear companion all the day!

Oft will I ſeek ſome ſolitary ſhade,
Where thought 's unfetter'd, and where fancy 's free,
There kiſs the relict of my lovely maid,
And ſigh, and gaze on it, and talk of thee!

TO

TO A GENTLEMAN,

ON DROPPING A DISPUTE WITH HIM.

To human minds but narrow pow'rs belong,
Who errs the leaſt is often in the wrong;
The man of ſenſe would wiſh, if in miſtake,
To be ſet right for information's ſake;
The man of reaſon is by reaſon ſway'd,
And ev'ry argument is fairly weigh'd;
Above all falſe, all fooliſh little pride,
He freely owns if truth is on your ſide:
But fools, whate'er impreſſion firſt they take,
Would ſtill retain it, if an angel ſpake;
Folly with obſtinacy ſtill we find,
And ſullen prejudice that warps the mind;
Or, tho' conviction ſtar'd them in the face,
They 'd ne'er acknowledge what they deem diſgrace.

LET us then drop this obſtinate debate,
For altercation is a thing I hate;—
The ſole deduction, after all, muſt be,—
There is one blockhead betwixt you and me.

TO MONIMIA.

WERE I ſo wretched as to ſigh in vain,
Fondly to love, but not be lov'd again;
And were my ſuit repeatedly denied
With honeſt frankneſs, or diſdainful pride;
Tho' the cold ſhe ſurpaſs'd all womankind,
In charms of perſon, and in pow'rs of mind,
Soon by her rigour were my flame allay'd,
Or ſoon rekindled by ſome kinder maid.

BUT if the dear delightful laſs I love,
To my fond wiſhes ſhould propitious prove;

Altho

Altho' compell'd by duty's call to part,
Close in her custody I 'd leave my heart;
And tho' thro' distant climes oblig'd to range,
My love should be incapable of change.
In vain might various beauties tempt my eyes,
Ambition call, or avarice entice,—
Then all their fascinating charms were o'er,
And dear variety belov'd no more.
If wealth and glory I should still pursue,
'Twere, dear MONIMIA, for the sake of you;
The rich reward of your approving smile
Would soften danger, and would sweeten toil;
Throughout my conduct all my wish and care,
Should be to merit such a charming fair;
And if success my poor attempts should meet,
To lay my trophies at MONIMIA's feet.

INTENDED FOR

THE CONCLUSION

OF A SMALL COLLECTION OF MY POEMS,

PRESENTED TO A FRIEND.

THE Critic cries, ('tis juſt, upon my word!)
" Your verſe is decent, but your themes abſur
" In no two pages are you found the ſame;
" Now fond of quiet, now in love with fame;
" Now courting ſolitude, now charm'd with noiſ
" And now deteſting what was once your choice.'

BUT we, who kindle with poetic fires,
Can only poliſh what the Muſe inſpires;
For ever ſubject to her ſov'reign pow'r,
We follow ſtill the impulſe of the hour:
So wild, ſo volatile, ſo vain we are,
With us nor winds nor women can compare;

Ou

Our fickle hearts, delighting ſtill to range,
Are only conſtant to the love of change.

AGAIN you cry, "Who can theſe — — daſhes be?
"Is there no index, gloſſary, or key?"
If praiſe, ſuppoſe that you were in my eye;
And food for ſatire let your foes ſupply.

I ONCE intended, to avoid confuſion,
To clear theſe matters by a ſmart CONCLUSION;
Without the Muſe, how fruitleſs my deſign is!
For ſhe abridges it to ſimple FINIS.

THE INEFFICACY OF RETIREMENT.

IN vain to ſolitudes may man retire,
To ſhun temptations, or ſubdue deſire;
What ſpot can alter or improve the mind,
Unleſs the paſſions can be left behind?

Or

Or virtue rather will be found to dwell
In crowded cities, than the hermit's cell;
In thoſe ſo many objects meet the view,
The mind 's diſtracted which it ſhall purſue;
Such diff'rent ſcenes diſplay their vain delights,
That one ſcarce ſtrikes him, ere a new invites;
And thus, amidſt variety of joys,
The heart has never time to make a choice:
But in the hermitage, no giddy throng,
Nor fools, nor faſhions hurry him along;
Whatever paſſion firſt invades the ſoul,
Is left to reign with abſolute control;
No mirth, no jollity, no noiſy route,
No diſſipation there to drive it out;
For ever growing, ſtrength'ning ev'ry hour,
It gains a painful and deſpotic pow'r;
No ſmaller foible there can claim a part,
But one great vice engroſſes all the heart.
But why thus prove what all mankind muſt own,
Temptation 's ſtrongeſt when we 're left alone?

I GRANT, indeed, that ſolitude denies
Thoſe means of ACTING which the world ſupplies;
But choiceleſs innocence avails us nought,—
We ſin in EARNEST when we ſin in THOUGHT;
Whether we only wiſh for or poſſeſs,
The guilt is equal, tho' the joy be leſs.

YE erring mortals, who in cloiſters pine,
Whom vows have fetter'd, and whom grates con-
By vain reſtraints the body you ſecure, [fine!
Unleſs the mind be ſimilarly pure!
But were you ſtrongly fortified within,
What outward bulwarks need you raiſe to ſin?
'Tis not on him who ſaves himſelf by flight,
But him who combats, and who gains the fight;
Not on the ſelfiſh ſolitary ſoul,
But him whoſe labours benefit the whole;
Not on the heart that freezes in a calm,
But ACTIVE VIRTUE, Heav'n confers the palm.

RE-

REFLECTIONS

WHEN IN EXPECTATION OF LEAVING EUROPE.

OH! lenient Time! pour out thy balm divine
On ev'ry happineſs that once was mine!
Tear ev'ry ſoft idea from my mind
Of each delightful object left behind!
From this too feeling, friendly heart remove
Each fond remembrance of whate'er I love!—
Ah no!—my friendſhips ſhall thro' life remain,—
I 've ſhar'd the pleaſure, and muſt taſte the pain!
I 'll nurſe my ſorrows whereſoe'er I roam,
As tender tokens of my friends at home;
Each ſigh that riſes, ev'ry falling tear,
Shall be a tribute to ſome heart that 's dear!
Tho' forc'd to wander on a diſtant ſhore,
Perhaps, MONIMIA, ne'er to ſee thee more!
Tho' doom'd in abſence many a pang to prove,
And grief the only portion of my love;

Yet

Yet had I pow'r to ſet my fancy free,
I could not wiſh indifference for thee!
Whole years of woe may ſlowly glide away,
But my affections never ſhall decay,
Until this aching heart ſhall ceaſe to glow,
My eyes to moiſten, and my blood to flow;
Reſiſtleſs death alone ſhall quench their fire,
And love and friendſhip with my breath expire!

DREAMS OF LOVE.

TO MONIMIA.

WHETHER I mix in crowds, or lonely ſtray,
Thy dear idea haunts me all the day;
And fancy, ever pregnant with delight,
Preſents thy lovely image all the night.

Now by the foot of ſome romantic hill,
We trace the windings of the wand'ring rill;

On verdant meads we ſometimes ſeem to r
Or ſeek the covert of ſome peaceful grove
On flow'ry banks voluptuouſly we lie,
Love in each ſmile, and rapture in each ey
I preſs thy boſom with a chaſte embrace,
And gaze, tranſported, on thy beauteous fa
Thoſe lips where love and modeſty combin
To breathe a paſſion exquiſite as mine;
I kiſs thy cheek, which takes a deeper die,
And, as it riſes, catch the tender ſigh.

AGAIN, thro' rugged paths we ſeem to ç
Climb threat'ning rocks, or wade thro' hil
Now frightful precipices bar the way, [ſi
And headlong cataracts before us play.
The raging elements exert their pow'rs,
They flaſh in light'nings, and deſcend in ſhow
Expos'd to all, on deſert plains we roam,
And find no hoſpitable houſe, nor home.

Now among tombs and mould'ring aiſles we tread,
Where tott'ring turrets tremble over head;
Where hollow winds thro' broken arches howl,
Where ſcreech owls ſhriek, and horrors chill the ſoul:
Yet ſafe in love, no dangers can appal,
I claſp MONIMIA, and defy them all.
Thro' gloomy valleys, up the mountain's ſides,
O'er rapid ſtreams, my faithful hand ſtill guides;
In vain the thunder roars, or torrents roll,
My words give courage to MONIMIA's ſoul.
Worn by fatigue, on rocks ſhe 's lull'd to reſt,
And makes her pillow on my conſtant breaſt:
Or, ſhould I murmur at our mutual toils,
She ſoothes impatience by endearing ſmiles;
If raſhly bold, I 'd mount th' impending ſteep,
Or ruſh on rocks that overhang the deep,
Her trembling voice recals my ſteps from death,
And ſhews ſome diſtant, but leſs dang'rous path.

How ſweet the flow'ry paths of life would be,
Were I to ſhare them, deareſt Maid, with thee!
Or if together we were doom'd to prove
The frowns of fortune, but the ſmiles of love;
In ſpite of cares, anxieties, and fears,
We 'd lightly journey thro' the vale of tears!
What pangs could e'er adverſity convey,
That love and friendſhip would not overpay?
How ſweet the ſympathy we know ſincere!
The ſigh how ſoothing from a heart that 's dear!
When deep diſtreſs no reas'ning can remove,
We yet find comfort from the lips we love.
If e'er ambition led my heart aſtray,
Or giddy paſſion hurried me away,
MONIMIA's prudence would reſtrain my fire,
And curb each wild inordinate deſire;
Soon would ſhe pacify the mental ſtrife,
And ſave me from each PRECIPICE in LIFE.

WRIT-

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

TO MONIMIA.

WHERE-E'ER I go, my ſubject 's ſtill the
My pencil writes inſtinctively thy name; [ſame,
Believe not, dear, accompliſh'd, lovely Maid,
My paſſion oſtentatiouſly diſplay'd;
The charming characters are written ſtill,
Almoſt without my knowledge, or my will.

EXTEMPORE.

ON A LADY.

SHE hates without cauſe, and ſhe loves without
reaſon,
She 's enrag'd unprovok'd, and ſhe 's fond out of
ſeaſon;
She 's ſo fooliſhly fretful, or fulſomely toying,
That her ſpleen and her kindneſs are equally
cloying:

So

So affected her air, and ſo barb'rous her jargon,—
He that buys her for love has a very bad bargain.
She's as forwardly free as a Drury-lane Dutcheſs,
But, thanks to my ſtars, I am out of her clutches!

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN cool SERENUS greatly tow'r'd, of late,
Above the malice of his adverſe fate,
And ſeem'd, without a murmur or a tear,
The worſt of evils patiently to bear;
All ſhar'd his ſorrows, all eſpous'd his cauſe,
And all were loudly laviſh of applauſe:
Some his philoſophy with warmth extol,
And ſome his Chriſtian fortitude of ſoul.
Great in misfortune, happy in his woe,
I too would praiſe him—were the motive ſo;—
But well I know the ſtubborn Stoic's part
Was prompted merely by a callous heart;

'Twas

'Twas not thro' wiſdom, nor thro' grace he ſhone,
But dull Inſenſibility alone.
The gifts that Heav'n thought proper to remove,
Were not the objects of his warmeſt love;
But had misfortune ſeiz'd upon his ſtore,
The firm Philoſopher had been no more.

'Tis not the accidents that may oppreſs,
Our feelings only conſtitute diſtreſs!
What ſeems a trifle in the vulgar eye,
To vulgar hearts unworthy of a ſigh,
A friend's neglect, or ſlander's venom'd breath,
Will ſting poor Senſibility to death;
His trembling delicacy meets the blow
That only glances on a common foe;
His are the real life-conſuming woes,
The heart-felt pangs, and agonizing throws!
With ſuch ſenſations, how can he ſuſtain
A life of ſorrow, and a death of pain?

How

How bear the evils which the world ſupplies?
Or how reſign its comforts and its joys?
What can ſupport him then in life or death?—
A hero's courage, or a martyr's faith!
Man without feeling doth my ſoul deſpiſe;
To feel, yet conquer, lifts him to the ſkies!

ON DISSIPATION.

OH! DISSIPATION! thee alike we find
Foe to the body's health, and peace of mind!
Thy ſoporific charms at once impart
Dulneſs of head, and apathy of heart;
They quench the Poet's and the Patriot's flame,
The thirſt of glory, and the love of fame;
The pleaſing reign of ſentiment is o'er,
And ev'ry tender feeling then no more.—
I own, indeed, you equally deſtroy
The ſenſibility of grief and joy;

But,

But, tho' the ſharper ſtings of ſorrow ceaſe,
The mind is never perfectly at peace;
The ſenſes lull'd, our hearts no longer ache
With poignant anguiſh, like the wretch awake;—
Moſt other lives have hours to laugh and weep,—
Ours is one fev'riſh unrefreſhing ſleep!

THO' PLEASURE's conſort you pretend to reign,
You are the cloſer intimate of PAIN;
In your dominions HOPE's enliv'ning ray
Ne'er ſhines upon us like the light of day;
Duller and dimmer than the lunar beams,
He faintly glimmers in our tedious dreams.—
Ye liſtleſs ſlumbers, that beſtow not reſt!
Pleaſures unpleaſing, and *delights unbleſt!*
Oh! let my heart your magic pow'rs ſubdue,
And ſober reaſon take the place of you!

THE POET's INDOLENCE.

Muſſelburgh, Jan. 5th 1783.

AGAIN I roam on CALEDONIAN plains,
And yet for ever ſilent are my ſtrains;
No more I ſing the beauties of the wood,
The peaceful valley, and the limpid flood;
The trees are bare, the linnet's voice is ſtill,
And hoary winter freezes up the rill.
Nor hails, nor ſnows, nor ſtorms of wint'ry wind
A froſt far ſtronger ſeizes on my mind;
Faſt as the vales of ice beneath the pole,
The FROST of INDOLENCE congeals my ſoul.
The vernal ſun ſhall Nature's charms reſtore,
And all be lively as they were before;
Oh! thus let me my long-loſt pow'rs renew,
And juſt ambition draw them forth to view!

A genial warmth her ſunſhine ſhall impart,
And thaw the icy coldneſs of my heart.—
Thus ſhall my winter paſs at laſt away,
And I, like Nature, bloom again in May.

THE MOTTO OF MUSSELBURGH.

WHEN our Borough of old, as our legends relate,
Had determin'd a Motto to chuſe,
After much altercation and tedious debate,
They conſulted a Son of the Muſe.

The preface was long, but thus ended their ſpeech,
"Our choice is ſubmitted to you;
"But, Sir, WE your wonderful wiſdom beſeech
"For ſomething *uncommon and new.*"

Then ſneeringly thus did the Poet reply
To the Burghers' importunate pray'r,
" Let HONESTY then be your Motto, ſay I*
" For with you there is nothing ſo rare."

The blockheads agreed that the thing ſhould be
Not diſtruſting the treacherous wit:
They 've been laugh'd at for this many ages a
And by Jove I will laugh at them yet!

THE INTEGRITY
OF A FEELING HEART.

WHAT law, what ſyſtem form'd by human a
What tie ſo binding as a tender heart?
How much more potent than the fear of ſhan
Than ſenſe of honour, or the love of fame?
The Man of Feeling needs no written code,
To love his neighbour, and adore his GOD.

* This is really the Motto of Muſſelburgh—the in
bitants of which ſtile it the HONEST Town.

Not all the dread of puniſhment ſo ſtrong,
So ſure to ſave us from whate'er is wrong;
No hopes of gain ſo ready to incite,
No guide more faithful points to what is right,
The man who 's only innocent thro' fear,
May break at laſt ſo feeble a barrier;
Reſolv'd on villany, he 'll watch the times
That juſtice winks, to perpetrate his crimes.
The dread of infamy itſelf gives place;
Avoid detection, and you ſhun diſgrace.
The villain dares the utmoſt wrath of Heaven,
And hopes thro' penitence to be forgiven;
Or thinks the hour of vengeance is remote,
At leaſt uncertain,—and regards it not.
Allur'd to virtue but to gain a prize,
Remove the object, and that virtue dies.
For praiſe purſuing virtue as a taſk,
Your aim defeated, you may drop the maſk.
But this depending on no foreign cauſe,
Nor aw'd by fear, nor zealous for applauſe,

Could

Could he ſecurely all his errors hide
In endleſs night from all the world beſide,
Yet ſo acutely conſcious guilt would touch,
His own ſenſations would be hell too much.
Durſt he, tho' laws allow'd the breach of truſt,
Commit an action which he knew unjuſt?
Could cruel av'rice lead his heart aſtray,
Or baſe ambition tempt him to betray?
Or would he e'er intentionally prove
Falſe to his friend, or faithleſs to his love?
For him no wretches weep, no victims groan,—
To wound another's heart would hurt his own.
No weak excuſe, no prudent bars he pleads,
But freely follows where compaſſion leads;
No maxims minds, no conſequences weighs,
But feels the pow'rful impulſe, and obeys.
Perhaps his feelings ſometimes may miſlead,
Miſtake their object, or perhaps exceed:
Is this a weakneſs?—that we muſt confeſs—
But what a failing!—Virtue in exceſs!

TO

TO THE

MAGISTRATES OF MUSSELBURGH,

On my dining with them, and receiving the Freedom of the Town,—after writing a ludicrous deſcription of that place, which I have thought proper to ſuppreſs.

I Declare that the Wits on the banks of the Eſk,
Underſtand the true method to anſwer burleſque;
The infallible way of converting a ſinner
Who deals in abuſe, is to aſk him to dinner.
For ſo ſtrong was your punch, ſo enliv'ning your wine,
Your beef was ſo good, and your mutton ſo fine,
So delicious your fowls, and ſo fav'ry your bacon,
I am fully convinc'd that my Muſe was miſtaken.

Your

Your Worſhips preſcrib'd neither vomits nor purges,
But to work away ſpleen, you have made me a Burgeſs.
Nor can I too much your politeneſs admire,
Who create me at once a LIEUTENANT and SQUIRE*.
In the very ſame coin I 'll your kindneſs requite,
And dub MASTER BAILLIE—LORD PROVOST and KNIGHT.

* The card of invitation was addreſſed to Lieutenant M———, Eſqr.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES TO THE KELSO CHRONICLE*.

Kelso, February 27. 1783.

REJOICE, ye blooming Naiads of the TWEED!
Rejoice, ye Shepherds—if you 've learn'd to read!
Rejoice, ye Nymphs that deck the TIVIOT's ſides
And ye that flouriſh where the EDEN glides!
Rejoice, each youth by rigid Fate aſſign'd,
To taſks unworthy of thy noble mind!
Whoſe parents' pow'r has baulk'd thy ſanguine hope,
And fetter'd genius in a grocer's ſhop;
Or doom'd by ſome miſtaken father's will,
To drag o'er parchment thy unwilling quill:
Behold, with gratitude, the day draws near
On which the Muſes deign to ſettle here!

* Publiſhed in the firſt number of that Paper, the 7th of March 1783.

No more in Caſh-books ſhall th' Acroſtic lie,
Unknown to fame, and hid from ev'ry eye;
The virgin's cheek ſhall take a brighter tint,
To view her beauties and her name in *print*:
No more the Ball ſhall periſh with the night,
But future triumphs add to its delight;
No more the happy Partner ſhall conceal
His fond effuſions in the deſk or till,
But ev'ry charm that decks th' angelic maid
Be in the KELSO CHRONICLE diſplay'd.
No more ſhall Memorandum-books have ſale,
Nor Magazines appear in Tiviotdale;
No more our Ladies wait a month, or year,
Till anſwers to the Rebuſſes appear:
Whene'er one Wit endeavours to perplex,
Soon will another extricate the ſex:—
Or if the Nymph unriddle at a time,
'Tis ten to one ſhe anſwers it in rhyme.

No

No more, unſung, ſhall bluſhing Brides be led,
Without Epithalamium to bed;
No more, by Heav'n, ſhall hopeful Heirs be ſent,
And not one Poet ſing the bleſt event;
Nor unrecorded be the Rich Man's death,
His matchleſs patience, fortitude, and faith,
His friend's diſtreſs, his widow's deep deſpair,
And the affliction of his grateful heir.

Behold our Coterie in pleaſant chat,
And wiſe conjecture who wrote this or that;—
While each determine, with ſagacious ſmile,
'Tis Simper's ſentiment, or Stanza's ſtile.
We read with pleaſure when the Author's known,
But how much greater if it be our own!—
Long winter ev'nings, innocent and gay,
Shall in theſe paſtimes ſwiftly ſlip away;
In ev'ry meaſure, and in ev'ry mode,
In hum'rous ſatire, and in am'rous ode,

In elegiac, and in paſt'ral ſtrain,
The Muſe of Tiviotdale ſhall entertain.
On this poetic ground, where THOMSON ſprung
Where firſt he greatly thought, and ſweetly ſung
In queſt of fame, the Poet's richeſt prize,
New Bards ſhall ſtart, and other Thomſon's riſe

THE POET'S SIMPLICITY.

To ——————.

YOU think, from my rhyming and reas'ning fo ever,
That I 'm wond'rouſly ſmart, and uncommonly clever:
You miſtake me, Sir, quite—I 'm a poor ſilly creature,
The credulous dupe of a ſtupid good-nature;
If a raſcal but tell me a pitiful ſtory,
Tho' a damnable lie, poor Pilgarlick is ſorry;

I 'n

I 'm ſo fooliſhly feeling, ſo womaniſh hearted,
That I and my caſh are immediately parted.
When I deal with a rogue, he is always a winner,
For I 'd rather wink hard than I 'd puniſh the ſinner.
Ne'er were temper and duty ſo very ill ſuiting,
Nor ſo ſimple a ſoul ever ſent a RECRUITING *.

TO DELIA†.

Kelſo, March 2. 1783.

THE KELSO CHRONICLE comes out this week,
The proſe is ready, but the verſe to ſeek;
My partial friends (how vainly this may ſhew 'em)
Would have me write the Publiſher a POEM.
I aſk'd, ſince they would dictate to my Muſe,
What darling ſubject they were pleas'd to chuſe:

* On which ſervice the Author was employed at the time.
† Publiſhed in the Kelſo Chronicle.

" The

" The Poet's homage is to beauty due;
" Extol the faireſt"—and my heart ſaid YOU.
The theme is eaſy, when we only gaze,
And find each feature furniſh food for praiſe;
With vulgar beauties compliments go down,
However fooliſh, fulſome, or high flown;
Then flow'ry epithets may grace each line,
Of angel, goddeſs, matchleſs, and divine:
But ah! how nice muſt be the Poet's art,
To praiſe the lovely mind, and feeling heart,
The trembling delicacy, that withdraws
From what it deems unmerited applauſe;
The penetration, judgment, and good ſenſe,
That juſtly reckons flattery offence!
Then, deareſt DELIA, vain th' attempt muſt be
To draw a proper character of thee:
Should I deſcribe you only half ſo fair,
Or half ſo good and charming as you are,
You 'd think the colouring as much too fine,
As in reality too coarſe for thine.

WRIT-

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

FROM domeſtic diſturbance, and conjugal ſtrife,
A houſe full of ſmoke, and a termagant wife,
Many a huſband has pray'd (moſt devoutly indeed!
But too often in vain) to be ſpeedily freed:
In my litany thus for deliv'rance I pray,
From the Ague, the Vapours, from Debt, and
HALF-PAY *.

* The Author was at this time troubled with the Ague, the proſpect of peace made Half-pay very probable, and of this, Debt and the Vapours were moſt natural conſequences.

TO

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE MUSICAL SOCIETY IN KELSO,

On their reſolving to exclude the Ladies from their Concerts.*

YE Sons of Melody, whoſe pride and care
Have ever been to gratify the Fair,
What ſecret foe to harmony ſuggeſts
(For ſure th' idea ſprung not in your breaſts!)
The wild, unjuſt, and barbarous deſign,
To baniſh beauty from Cecilia's ſhrine?
Or what chimera tempts you to deſpiſe
The ſource from whence your happineſs muſt riſe?

IN vain ſweet ſounds may vibrate on the ear,
The ſoul enjoys them but when Woman 's near;

* Publiſhed in the Kelſo Chronicle, March 14. 1783.

Her

er preſence can to ev'ry note impart
A charm that thrills and captivates the heart;
And only then has Muſic pow'r to move
The tender wiſh that ripens into love.

RESUME yourſelves, revoke your harſh decree,
Implore a pardon generous and free;
Again exert each pow'r by Nature given,
To pleaſe the beſt and faireſt works of Heaven;
Your tuneful labours ſtill to them devote,
And be the ſhort-liv'd mutiny forgot!

'TIS HAPPY WE DIFFER!

To —— ——, ESQR.

YOU vainly think (oh! poor miſtaken pride!)
That all mankind with you ſhould coincide;
To you ſound judgment only can belong,
And all who differ muſt be in the wrong;

No ſtudy 's uſeful but what you purſue,
And nothing pleaſing that is dull to you;
No man is worthy, but the few you love;
No mode becoming, but what you approve;
In you alone ſuch nice diſcernment 's plac'd,
That yours ſhould regulate the gen'ral taſte.
Would you preſcribe the mode of others' joys:
Sure conſtitution muſt direct our choice!
With equal juſtice might your wiſdom blame
The variations in the human frame;
And, with a matchleſs arrogance, deſpiſe
A diff'rent ſhape, a colour, or a ſize:
Firſt on the human countenance imprint
Unvaried features, and a ſingle tint;—
When this dull uniformity you find,
Exert your empire alſo o'er the mind!

Absurd pretenſions!—would you teach th
What Nature muſt more forcibly impart? [hear

Sh

She points the path that ev'ry man ſhould chuſe,
The ſeaman's compaſs, and the poet's muſe;
She leads the ſoldier to the field of war;
Some to the pulpit, others to the bar;
Some to the college, ſome to court ſhe draws;
Some ſeek retirement, others loud applauſe;
Some love to ſlumber in their native ſhade,
And ſome the buſy buſtling life of trade.
By each his bias beſt is underſtood,
And all contribute to the common good.

BLEST contrariety of human will,
That clearly ſhews us the Creator's ſkill!
But for this love of oppoſite purſuits,
The earth were chaos, and mankind were brutes!
The ſame ambition ev'ry heart would move,
And all be rivals both in pow'r and love;
All would affect one ſtation and employ,
Which but a few could poſſibly enjoy.

What ſecret enmity! what public hate!
What outrage, murmur, envy, and debate!
What crimes would riſe, too horrible to name
If all our wants and wiſhes were the ſame!

Each tie theſe ſimilar deſires remove,
That binds ſociety in links of love;
When ev'ry boſom for one object pants,
Who would adminiſter to others' wants?
The world had never felt a peaceful ſway,
When all would tyrannize and none obey;
No laws would fetter the unruly ſoul,
No pity melt him, and no ſhame control;
Eternal midnight had obſcur'd the mind,
And ſcience never dawn'd upon mankind;
But all, with rapine, and with murder ſtain'd,
In more than Gothic ignorance remain'd!
The ſons of anarchy deteſting toil,
No agriculture had improv'd the ſoil;

No fruits of induſtry, no works of craft,
Nor commerce ſpread them far as ſeas can waft.
The ſimpleſt arts of civil life unknown,
War had been follow'd and eſteem'd alone;—
Such brutal war as ſavages could wage,
Allur'd by plunder, or impell'd by rage;
Their barb'rous bands had join'd but for a day,
And ruffian victors quarrell'd for their prey.

SUCH havock, horror, bloodſhed, and abuſe,
Such are the fruits your ſyſtem would produce!
But far more happy the decree of Heaven,
By which ſuch vaſt diverſity is given!
To diff'rent points our proper courſe we ſteer,
And find our int'reſts ſeldom interfere;
However ſtrange the paradox may be,
The ſource of UNION is to DISAGREE.

TO

TO THE WRITERS ON GLASS*.

WRITTEN IN AN INN.

IN days of old, ere wit was ready made,
The Poet ſerv'd apprentice to his trade;
And but by ſtudy, diligence, and ſkill,
Was enter'd freeman of Parnaſſus-hill.
The rule was then (exploded now God knows!)
That ſenſe in metre muſt be ſenſe in proſe.
But we, dear ſcribblers, flouriſh at a time,
When reaſon rarely interferes with rhyme:
No more in ſtudy need your hours be loſt,—
To dub you Poets—only travel poſt;—
Before you 've jolted to your ſecond ſtage,
You 'll feel infected with the rhyming rage;
Conundrum, Rebus, Epigram, and Ode,
Whate'er is brilliant riſes on the road.

* Publiſhed in the Kelſo Chronicle, and afterwards copied into ſome of the London and Edinburgh Papers, and Edinburgh Weekly Magazine.

This

This eaſy plan moſt modern Poets follow,
The Bar-maid 's Muſe, and Boniface Apollo.

'Tis true indeed (but this we ought to ſmother)
One Wit will ſteal, or borrow from another;
For if he hit upon a happy line,
He cares not whether ROCHESTER's, or mine,
No matter who had put the words together,
He 'll ſwear he wrote it—tho' he ſcrawl'd it rather.

HAPPY, ye witlings, were your themes confin'd
To " Here we ſlept, we breakfaſted, or din'd;"
Or were you only decently to write,
" The *fair* Miſs Black," or " charming Miſtreſs White!"
But here behold the proſtituted Muſe,
Stain'd with the groſſeſt jargon of the ſtews!
Here horrid prejudice, and party zeal,
Expreſs'd with all the virulence you feel!

At

At ev'ry pore poor SCOTIA's made to bleed,
By Engliſh Wits from BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.
Curs'd be the heart that wiſhes to reſtore,
An animoſity which reigns no more!
May ev'ry mean diſtinction be forgot,
That brands a Briton, Engliſhman, or Scot!

AND may the wretch no earthly bleſſing prove,
Be baulk'd by fortune, and repuls'd in love,
Who would, like you, indelicately ſeek,
To kindle bluſhes on the modeſt cheek!

INFANCY.

OH! bliſsful INFANCY! what joys are thine!
What pure delights—that muſt no more be mine!
Oh! muſt I never, never mix again,
Amidſt the revels of thy mirthful train?
Muſt I no more the harmleſs gambol ſhare,
By ſpleen unclouded, and unmix'd with care?

Muſt

Muſt I no more my raviſh'd ears regale,
With fond attention to the wond'rous tale?
Muſt I no more to midnight rites repair,
Or ride on fiery dragons thro' the air?
Muſt I no more with noble warriors paſs
O'er walls of adamant, or gates of braſs?
Nor e'er again, for ſome fair damſel's ſake,
Climb cryſtal rocks, or croſs the burning lake?
Is all the charming faſcination o'er,
And fairies, nymphs, and giants all no more?

Our childhood quickly gliding into youth,
We ſeek for fiction in the form of truth;
No more the wild chimera can beguile,
We ſearch for ſenſe, for ſentiment, and ſtile;
Our taſte and judgment ripen by degrees,
And daily grow more difficult to pleaſe:—
What entertainment can his books ſupply,
To him who reads them with a critic's eye?

While gaping ignorance enraptur'd ſits,
Nor ſock, nor buſkin, pleaſe the ſnarling wits
In vain the voice is rais'd, in vain grimace
Diſtorts each feature of the vacant face;—
How few profeſſors of the ſcenic art
Can pleaſe the judgment, or affect the heart!
Can e'er the drama give to man the joy
That punchinello gave the happy boy?
Can all the ſplendor, pomp, parade, and ſtate,
The gewgaws, glare, and glitter of the great
Can fame or fortune half the bliſs convey
Of ragged ſchoolboys rioting at play?

Oh! peaceful ſtate! that feels no paſſion rage
Tho' leaſt important, far moſt pleaſant ſtage!
Ere pleaſure offers her inſidious charms,
Ere gain allures, or glory calls to arms!
No gold to trouble, and no guilt to ſting,
Hope leads our ſteps while life is in the ſpring

But ſultry ſummer glows upon the ſoul!
The paſſions kindle, and their thunders roll;—
A thouſand wiſhes occupy the mind,
And diſappointments follow faſt behind.

SOON as our reaſon and our pow'rs increaſe,
Why muſt we loſe our innocence and peace?
Oh! Heav'n inſtruct ME (for you only can)
To keep the INFANT, yet aſſume the MAN!
Teach me at once to act my proper part,
With all the childiſh purity of heart!
Thus ſhall my hours ſerenely glide away,
Pleaſant my prime, and peaceful my decay;
At laſt, when Death, all potent, muſt deſtroy,
I 'll part with LIFE as children with a TOY!

THE IMPOTENCE OF MERIT.

TO A FRIEND.

AS yet indulging in the pleaſing dream,
That Merit ever muſt procure eſteem,
You think the rich, the noble, and the great
Will gladly raiſe him from a humble ſtate;
Superior parts attract all hearts and eyes,
And friends and patrons ev'ry where ariſe,
Proud to aſſiſt, and happy to ſupply
Whatever partial fortune may deny.
The Man of Merit only needs to chuſe,
And all will favour and promote his views;
All join with pleaſure in the bleſs'd deſign,
And bid him flouriſh who was born to ſhine.

So tutors tell us, and ſo youth believes,—
But life's ſad ſcience quickly undeceives!

Of Fortune's favourites, alas! how few
Could juſtly claim diſtinction as their due!
Merit, too humble, or too proud to riſe,
Far from the mitre and the croſier flies:
Does Merit in canonicals appear?
No! Merit pines on twenty-pounds a-year.
If to the court e'er Merit would approach,
Merit muſt deign to ſkulk within a coach;
Thus unprotected thither ſhould he ſtray,—
Alas poor Merit better keep away!
In queſt of martial merit are you bound?—
Merit a hoary ſubaltern is found;
Nay, tho' the haughty Martinet may ſmile,
Merit may muſter in the rank and file.
Search thro' the college—Merit may be there,
But ſeldom reaches the Profeſſor's chair.
Amongſt the num'rous Æſculapian tribe
Merit but rarely ventures to preſcribe;
True, he may take a medical degree,
But friendleſs Merit ſeldom gets a fee.

In

In ſearch of Merit, to the play pop in,
You 'll find poor Merit's benefit but thin;
For ſenſe and nature ſeldom pleaſe the crowd,—
They love the ſolemn, boiſterous, and loud.
Neglected Merit ſees, but from afar,
Fools on the bench, and villains at the bar;
Or, ſhould he ever in the law embark,
Perhaps engroſſes as a hackney clerk.

SOMETIMES the Man of Merit, I confeſs,
Is crown'd with glory, glitter, and ſucceſs;
But were his real riſe to be diſplay'd,
'Tis odds if merit gave the ſmalleſt aid:
Birth, wealth, or lucky accidents obtain
What all his merit had purſu'd in vain.

A FUND of merit you poſſeſs, no doubt,
But who will ever ſearch to find it out?
The dunce ſucceeds by impudence alone,
While modeſt Merit lives and dies unknown.

But far leſs happy the advent'rous few
Who force their merit on the public view!
Smit by the fond, but fatal love of fame,
Their common portion 's poverty and ſhame!
How little purpoſe all their talents ſerv'd,
When SAVAGE periſh'd, or when OTWAY ſtarv'd!
See MILTON, ſacrific'd to PARTY rage,
Without a friend to patronize his age!
Say what reward can Merit hope to have,
When DRYDEN's aſhes ſcarce could find a grave!
What has not luckleſs poetry to dread,
Since HOMER wander'd thro' the world for bread!
See ſuperſtition over truth prevail,
And great GALILEO languiſh in a jail!
Nor in the humbler paths of life alone,
Merit is hated even on a throne:
See CHARLES the pious on a ſcaffold kneel,
And HENRY murder'd by the ruffian's ſteel*!

* Henry IV. of France.

To

To know what prize the boldeſt merit gains,
Behold COLUMBUS loaded with his chains!
From pomp and pow'r *permitted* to retire,
See broken-hearted XIMENES expire!
Behold great ALBUQUERQUE neglected ſigh,
And France condemning BOURBONNOIS to die*!
Nor much more happy many a hero's doom
At Athens, Carthage, and imperial Rome!
See to what goal the higheſt merit led,
When CRANMER ſuffer'd, and when RALEIGH bled!
A thouſand inſtances like theſe may ſhew,
That Merit ſeldom gains the palm below.

SAY to what point thy vain ambition draws:
Is it the airy bubble of applauſe?

* Bourbonnois, or Bourdonnois, who took Madras from the Britiſh, was brought home to France as a criminal, and long confined in the Baſtile,—but was afterwards pardoned.

What

'hat are thy talents?—canſt thou ſwallow fire?
ance on a rope, or walk upon a wire?
ɔſt thou in feats of horſemanſhip excel?
ıſt thou a voice?—or doſt thou fiddle well?
ch are the talents which the world admires,
hile ſlighted Merit in diſguſt retires.

Is gold the darling paſſion of thy ſoul?
/ like a fury then from pole to pole!
vay with ſpeed! and add one ruffian more
› thoſe who pillage either Indian ſhore!
ıt if too timid thus at large to roam,
quire the arts moſt flouriſhing at home!
› pleaſe a patron's paſſions, or his pride,
: ev'ry ſenſe of honour laid aſide!
›plaud his very foibles to the ſkies,
dulge his vices—and you 're ſure to riſe.
ıſt thou unfortunately ſuch a heart
ı ſtarts at guilt, and feels another's ſmart?

Doſt thou deplore the hopeleſs wretch that pine
'Midſt noxious vapours, in Peruvian mines?
Is all the luſtre of Brazilian ſtones
To thee no recompence for human groans?
Does thy weak nature ſhudder to behold
Thy fellow-creatures butcher'd for their gold
Art thou for ever ſcrupulouſly juſt,
True to thy word, and faithful to thy truſt?
Canſt thou nor flatter, pimp, nor load a die?—
Then wealth for ever thy purſuit ſhall fly!

But bleſs'd be he who never wiſh'd to know
A pleaſure purchas'd by another's woe!
Thine be the joy which gold can ne'er increaſe
And thine for ever competence and peace!
Sweet be thy ſlumbers! happy be thy days!
And may'ſt thou never feel the luſt of praiſe!

TH

THE CREED OF CHARITY.

TO A BIGOT.

THAT all are brutes, you ignorantly ſay,
Where revelation never found the way.
Believe me, Sir, there needs no perſon's art
To mend or mollify the feeling heart;
Whether from Mahomet his rules he draw,
Or ſquare his conduct by the Chriſtian law;
Whether he hold his anceſtors divine,
Or bow uncouthly at ſome idol's ſhrine;
With gen'rous ſentiments great ſouls were fraught
Ere JESUS ſuffer'd, and ere MOSES taught;
The ſeeds of virtue Nature has ſupplied
To him who never knew that JESUS died.

CAN none approach the Univerſal GOD,
But they who travel by the Chriſtian road?
If one religion only lead to Heaven,
Ah! why ſo partially, ſo rarely given?

Why to a few thus cruelly confin'd,
The bliſs that ſhould be common to mankind?
You ſurely err!—as every being muſt,
Who ſays, or thinks his Maker is unjuſt!

Do not his gifts on ev'ry people fall,
And all adore him as the GOD of ALL?
Tho' each by diff'rent modes their praiſes pay,
Devotion pleaſes, whatſoe'er the way;
Whether in temples, or in groves we kneel,
'Tis only requiſite the ſpirit feel;
Whether we call on ſaints to intercede,
On ſires, on angels, or whate'er our creed; [part,
Theſe, taught by chance *, nor grace, nor guilt im-
But GOD demands the worſhip of the heart!

* The lines following explain how they are taught by chance: from our religion generally depending on the place of our birth, or education, for GOD does not at preſent work miracles in favour of individuals. The expreſſions are bold, but when the tenor of the whole is conſidered, I do not think it can offend any perſon of ſenſe and candor.

The

The reſt is planted by the tutor's toil,
The child of prejudice, or growth of ſoil.
Tho' we are favour'd with the heav'nly light,
Yet 'tis from habit moſt are in the right;
Had Nature plac'd us on ſome pagan ſhore,
We had deteſted truths we now adore.

THO' GOD himſelf has deign'd to be our guide,
Shall heav'nly goodneſs kindle human pride?
Since he ſuch knowledge to the reſt denies,
Shall we their guiltleſs ignorance deſpiſe?
No more let controverſies plague mankind,
Nor try to force perſuaſion on the mind!
The Chriſtian excellence we beſt ſhall prove
By boundleſs charity, and gen'ral love!
No forms, no liturgies, no fruitleſs faith,
Shall ſave the ſinner from his Maker's wrath;
No ſect ſole favourites of GOD I call,
But think the worthy ſhall be bleſt of all;
Who errs thro' ignorance ſhall be forgiven,
And VIRTUE's children are the heirs of HEAVEN.

REAL

REAL LOVE

INVINCIBLE BY ABSENCE.

THE giddy belle, whoſe light fantaſtic heart
Is taken more by ſhow than true deſert;
Who thinks ſhe loves her coxcomb to exceſs,
But only likes his flattery, or dreſs;
Whene'er divided from the charming ſwain,
In diſſipation drowns the parting pain;
Soon ſome gay youth, as fine as he ſhe loſt,
Makes up his abſence, and conſoles the toaſt;
Fop follows fop, and beau ſucceeds to beau,
Lov'd while they ſtay, forgotten when they go.

BUT ſhe whoſe love, judicious and refin'd,
With friendſhip is moſt tenderly combin'd;
Who in externals places not the whole,
But ſeeks eſteem, and ſympathy of ſoul;

And in her lover joys at once to find
A pleaſing perſon, and a poliſh'd mind;
If cruel deſtiny divide their lot,
And from her preſence ſend him far remote,
Where ſpirits join no diſtance e'er can part,
Nor length of abſence drive him from her heart;
The gen'rous paſſion grows from day to day,
Matures with time, and lengthens with the way;
Suſpence, uncertainty, and anxious fear
Of future dangers render him more dear;
She ſighs for ev'ry ſorrow he may prove,
And pity adds new tenderneſs to love.
Each graceful action, each fond look he gave,
On recollection tenfold beauties have;
Each word ſeems ſofter, ſtronger ev'ry vow,
And ev'ry ſentiment ſtill nobler now.

RETURN'D with glory from the toils of war,
Or to her wiſhes ſafe reſtor'd from far,

Improv'd

Improv'd by travel, and by abſence tried,
They meet ſtill fonder than they did divide;
And all the hours of agony they 've paſs'd
But make their joys more exquiſite at laſt.

THE FAIR STOIC.

DORINDA 's good, DORINDA 's fair,
DORINDA 's mild and meek;
Her eyes are blue, and black her hair,
And roſy is her cheek.

But ſtill ſo *prudent* is the maid,
Thoſe eyes you ſearch in vain;
Nor ever has that cheek betray'd
Her inward joy, or pain.

Let ſage philoſophers extol
Her happy ſtrength of mind,
But in the ſoft and melting ſoul
A thouſand charms I find.

DORIND

DORINDA's cool compoſure flows
From no exalted cauſe;
To want of tenderneſs ſhe owes
An ill-deſerv'd applauſe.

For hearts that exquiſitely feel,
Nor prudence heed, nor pride;
Whoe'er their feelings cloſe conceal,
Have got but few to hide.

Should Heav'n beſtow a mate on me,
To ſooth a Soldier's toils,
In ſorrow be her tears as free,
As in delight her ſmiles!

The child of nature be my fair,
Who boaſts no *prudent* ſkill;
For ever ready to declare
Her guiltleſs wiſh, or will.

Let ſtill the grateful glance beſtow
  Applauſe where ſhe approves,
And ev'ry ſparkling feature ſhew
  Where-e'er ſhe fondly loves!

The inſtant ſoft ideas touch
  Let ev'ry look make known!
Yet be each ſoft emotion ſuch
  As claims no bluſh to own!

Still let her eyes the bliſs diſcloſe
  That elevates her heart,
And let the fluſh of joy that glows
  Deſpiſe the veil of art!

Still let me, when her ſoul is ſad,
  Behold the moiſt'ning eye!
And be no weak endeavours made
  To curb the honeſt ſigh!

But far more oft, and far more long,
Let ſigns of joy appear!
And be theſe ſymptoms ſtill moſt ſtrong
Whene'er her Soldier 's near!

A COMMON CASE
WITH ME AND OTHERS.

WHEN paſſion drags, or inclination draws,
What reaſons offer to ſupport their cauſe!
'Tis ſcarcely ever difficult to prove
The conduct neceſſary which we love;
A thouſand arguments with eaſe we find
To *force* us to the thing we are inclin'd;
And then we moſt ſagaciouſly admire
How well our int'reſt and our wiſh conſpire.
But if neceſſity itſelf ſhould plead,
When inclination otherwiſe would lead,

To ev'ry reaſon obſtacles we raiſe,
And quite refute it fifty different ways:
Tho' in the right you talk with Tully's tongue,
Yet can our wiſhes put you in the wrong.

WRITTEN IN THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE, AT EDINBURGH.

THE gloomy grandeur of this pile
Diſpels the jocund vein;
It ill becomes the Muſe's ſmile,
But ſuits the plaintive ſtrain.

In many a ſolitary hour
Within theſe courts I 've ſtray'd,
And felt that melancholy's pow'r
Could find no ſtronger aid.

The gayeſt, giddy, thoughtleſs thing
Might find ſedateneſs here,
And diſappointment's ſharpeſt ſting
Might ſtill ſeem more ſevere.

Here let the penſive Poet rove
In elegiac mood,
And, croſs'd by fortune, or by love,
O'er all thy ſorrows brood.

The diſmal genius of the place
Shall teach thy verſe to flow,
With all the melting mournful grace
That breathes the ſoul of woe.

Or does thy ſoaring Muſe aſpire
To ſome ſublime deſign?
Here find a ſubject for thy lyre
Too lofty far for mine.

For

For now thou tread'ſt the hallow'd path
Where murder'd Monarch's ſleep!
And yonder view the ſcene of death,
Where MARY learn'd to weep*!

Behold! theſe venerable walls
Now moulder to decay!
So SCOTIA's antient glory falls—
Or lives but in thy lay.

Its former dignity forgot,
By ruffian footſteps ſtain'd,
No guard protects the ſacred ſpot
Where SCOTIA's Princes reign'd†.

* The room in which David Rizio was murdered preſence of Mary Queen of Scots.

† Till of late a guard was always kept on the R Palace of Scotland; now even this piece of reſpect is aſide.—May 1783.

The guard has been ſince reſtored.

TO DELIA

DRESSED IN WHITE,

Her favourite Colour.

WHENE'ER a meſſenger of Heaven,
Appears to human ſight,
Still to the lovely cherub 's given
A robe of pureſt WHITE.

Then, deareſt DELIA, ſure thy choice
By Heav'n itſelf 's inſpir'd;
Who views thy face, or hears thy voice,
But has that choice admir'd?

As Heav'n within an angel's frame
Has lodg'd an angel's mind,
As ſpotleſs is thy virgin fame,
Thy thoughts as much refin'd.

So

So pure thy pious pray'rs ariſe
  Before thy Maker's throne,
Each ſiſter ſeraph of the ſkies
  Might make thy wiſh her own.

Then let the dear Elyſian Maid
  Still in this garb appear!
Be ſtill in ev'ry charm array'd
  That kindred angels wear!

And be this pure unſullied robe
  The emblem of thy days!
Thy heart let ne'er misfortune probe,
  Nor ſorrow ſtain thy ways!

But may thy life ſerenely flow!
  Sweet ſlumbers bleſs thy night!
And, free from all the gloom of woe,
  Thy ev'ry day be WHITE!

TO DELIA*.

ſhed in the Kelſo Chronicle, June 20 1783.

ENE'ER I 'd ſing dear DELIA's praiſe,
: no other Muſe's aid;
s the verſe, and ſoft the lays
t celebrate the charming Maid.

ıen, as ſubject of my ſtrain,
ther beauty's charms you chuſe,
nſpirations are in vain,
YOU no longer are my Muſe.

ıppoſe it is very immaterial to the reader, whether I the ſame lady under the different names of Monimia ia, or whether I have found reaſon to change the ob- ıy admiration.—Nay, my good friend, you are wel- you pleaſe, to believe them both imaginary beings, ſe yourſelf with any other conjecture you think

In vain I meaſure lifeleſs lines
By rhymeſters' rules and frigid art,
The well-told numbers bear no ſigns
Of raptures riſing from the heart.

Or ſhould you ſome deſcription find
That 's tender, paſſionate, and free,
Thy image ruſhing on my mind,
I rov'd inſenſibly to thee.

No other's charms attract my eye,
No other's voice delights my ear,
Inſipid when you are not nigh,
And unobſerv'd when you are here.

How can I feelingly extol
Perfections I have never known?
I breathe the language of the ſoul
To thee, delightful Maid, alone.

TO THE SAME.

Kelſo, ———.

THO' various beauties deck theſe happy plains,
Vhere Flora triumphs, and where Ceres reigns,
Vhere each profuſely all their ſweets beſtow,
low'rs gaily bloom, and plenteous harveſts grow;
'ho' TIVIOT gently glides along the mead,
i peaceful union with the bounteous TWEED,
nd ſmiling nature views, with conſcious pride,
er treaſures laviſh'd upon either ſide;
ho' pleaſing prejudices, ne'er forgot,
ttach me ſtrongly to this native ſpot,
nd ev'ry ſcene that ſtrikes my wand'ring eye
ecals the image of ſome infant joy:—
et all theſe beauties quickly diſappear,
r charm no longer when you are not near;
he once enliv'ning landſcape can impart
o further pleaſure to my aching heart;

Whatever gave me happineſs before,
Has loſt its reliſh, and can pleaſe no more;
Thro' lonely paths inſenſibly I rove,
Loſt in the abſence of the Maid I love;
While each once charming object that I ſee,
Pines, fades, and murmurs for her loſs, like m

CHEAR up, ye water-gods! ye wood-nymphs ſi
Bloom, nature, bloom! and feel a ſecond ſprin
Behold, the youthful Fair returns again,
With love, and joy, and beauty in her train!
Her genial ſmiles glad Flora haſtes to meet,
And flow'rs ſpontaneous ſpring beneath her fe
More than their former beauties are diſplay'd
As welcome homage to the blooming Maid;
Sweet ſing the birds, more clear the rivers flow
All nature 's gayer—or, I fancy ſo.

T

TO A LADY.

ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS.

YOU ſay that verſe a privilege beſtows
Of making compliments, denied to proſe;
That ſome diſcount ought always to be made,
As panegyric is the Poet's trade;
Our fertile fancies frequently deceive,
Or oft we tell you more than we believe;
In ſhort, on this imaginary plan,
The BARD 's diſtinct and foreign from the MAN.
While you allow an ample field for praiſe,
His Fair may be leſs perfect than he ſays;
You grant a certain luſtre to her eye,
Yet each beholder is not doom'd to die:
Her lip is red, you own; her cheek is fair,
Yet find nor Deaths nor Cupids lurking there;
And tho' her character is mighty well,
She does not ſo remarkably excel.

THO'

THO' I may err, you wrongfully accuſe;
Condemn the Lover, but acquit the Muſe:
Perhaps with partial eyes the nymph I view,
And find perfections unobſerv'd by you;
Some little faults or foibles you may ſpy,
Which never, never reach a lover's eye;
Yet, from my ſoul, I think my lovely Maid
Is all, and more than e'er my verſe diſplay'd.

WHATEVER themes have e'er employ'd my lays,
Or love, or friendſhip, gratitude, or praiſe,
Still from the heart the inſpiration came,
My guide was Nature, truth at leaſt my aim;
From blind intoxicating paſſion free,
That heart finds pleaſure in the praiſe of thee;
Here no romantic nymph my fancy draws;
My reaſon gives thee juſt and loud applauſe;
In proſe or verſe, in mirth or mournful mood,
I ſtile thee ever all that 's mild and good.

Friendſhip,

Friendſhip, it is not difficult to prove,
Has partialities as well as love;
Or lively gratitude might ſwell my ſtrain,
And make me an enthuſiaſt again:
For thee I feel this prejudice ſo ſtrong,
It might inſenſibly have led me wrong;
But here I 'm poſitive I muſt be right,
Since in my verdict all the world unite.

TO THE TWEED.

IT is not, dear romantic TWEED,
The beauties you diſplay;
Not all the graces of the mead,
Thro' which you wind your way;

'Tis not that in thy wanton flood
My infant limbs have play'd;
Nor that within thy neighb'ring wood
I found a friendly ſhade:

'T

'Tis not for all thy charms I grieve,
Tho' once my joy and pride;—
My heart is only rack'd to leave
My DELIA on thy ſide.

For DELIA's ſake, let ev'ry ſweet
Still deck thy peaceful ſhore,
Where boiſt'rous billows never beat,
Nor angry tempeſts roar!

Be ever far from DELIA's path
Each wind that rudely blows!
But let the zephyr's fragrant breath
Sigh ſoft where-e'er ſhe goes!

At her approach ſtill let the roſe
A ſweeter ſcent diſtil,
And ev'ry beauteous flow'r that blows
Appear more beauteous ſtill!

And when the Nymph approaches near
Thy pure and limpid tide,
Ah! let thy waters ſtill more clear,
And ſtill more ſoftly glide!

Let joy ſtill ſparkle in her eye!
Her heart from cares be free!
Or if ſhe ever breathes a ſigh,
Oh! be that ſigh for me!

TO SAPHIRA.

DID Heav'n permit me to create
A woman to my mind,
A perfect model for my mate
I'd in SAPHIRA find.

Each beauty e'er my fancy drew
To deck my future love,
Each winning grace I found in you
I wiſh'd in her to prove:

The feeling heart, the meaning eye,
The honeſt open ſmile,
The ſoul whoſe ev'ry thought we ſpy,
Without the ſhade of guile.

Tho' Heav'n before me ſet the prize
I knew moſt fair and good;—
Too plainly ſpoke your partial eyes
To be miſunderſtood:

Tho' ev'ry word ſo ſoftly flow'd,
So kind was ev'ry look;
In all my ſorrows tho' you ſhew'd
The tender ſhare you took;

Yet, all-alluring as thou art,
No paſſion couldſt thou move,
In this capricious fooliſh heart,
That e'er partook of love.

A warmer friendſhip you inſpir'd
Than e'er I felt before;
I bleſs'd, reſpected, and admir'd—
And wiſh'd I could do more.

But love ne'er kindles in the ſoul
From choice, or by deſign;
Another in a moment ſtole
The heart that ſhould be thine.

Yet juſt as lovely is thy mind,
Thy youthful bloom as fine,
And more congenial did I find
Thy open ſoul to mine.

Farewell, SAPHIRA! joy and peace
  Thy cloſe attendants be!
And may each ſoft remembrance ceaſe
  That pains thy heart for me!

Far from the rich and happy plains
  Where THAMES majeſtic flows,
And where SAPHIRA charms the ſwains,
  Her favour'd Poet goes.

There may'ſt thou long, in all thy charms,
  A round of pleaſures tread;
And in ſome grateful lover's arms
  Forget the Son of TWEED!

ANI

ANNA BOLEYNE
TO KING HENRY VIII.

IN doleful manſions, where one feeble ray
Scarce dares to tell me the return of day;
Where noiſome damps and fœtid vapours dwell,
And tyrants' victims haunt the blood-ſtain'd cell—
(Here murder'd Princes take their midnight round!
There wretches tremble for the deſtin'd wound!)
Alone, unfriended, wond'ring, and diſmay'd,
Amidſt theſe horrors is thy ANNA laid!
Ah! while I ſuffer evils ſo ſevere,
Will Royal HENRY ſhut his gracious ear?

So great my grief, my terror, and ſurprize,
When firſt reſentment flaſh'd from HENRY's eyes,
And from thoſe lips, that once ſo ſoftly woo'd,
To hear expreſſions ſo ſevere and rude;

So

So wild my thoughts, ſo pow'rleſs was my tongue,
I could not aſk thee where I acted wrong:
Nor can I now a vindication frame,
Or crave a pardon, where I know no blame.
Too well the hoſtile meſſenger you ſent
Explain'd your cruel and unjuſt intent!
(Why would my HENRY aggravate the blow,
And wound his ANNA thro' her keeneſt foe?)
Since you conjure me by the GOD I love,
By hopes of mercy here, and bliſs above;
Invok'd by this ſo great and ſolemn call
To tell the truly, and to tell thee all,
If this can deprecate my Prince's wrath,
Or only ſave me from a ſhameful death,
This eaſy means of ſafety I 'll employ,
And ſpeak the truth with chearfulneſs and joy.
But think not ever I will deign to own
A crime not even to my fancy known!
As Heav'n has heard the ſacred oath I ſwore!
And by the hopes of pity I implore!

By all the joys that ſainted martyrs know,
And all the curſes of the damn'd below!
In due reſpect, in gratitude, and zeal,
In all affection which a wife ſhould feel,
No Prince has e'er poſſeſs'd a Queen more true,
Than ANNA BOLEYNE ſtill has prov'd to you!
From falſe ambition's faſcination free,
My wiſh ne'er wander'd from my own degree;
Pleas'd with that humble name I ſtill had been,
Had Heav'n and you ne'er doom'd me for a Queen.

NOR did I ever in my gayeſt hour,
'Midſt pomp and pleaſure, pageantry, and pow'r,
So drive my native meanneſs from my mind,
But that I trembled for the fate I find.
In me no rare accompliſhments were found,
To rear my grandeur upon ſolid ground;
Alas! unhappily, too well I knew,
On fancy only your affection grew!

The

The ſlighteſt change might inſtantly remove
Whate'er depended only on thy love;
The lapſe of time, misfortune, or diſeaſe,
Might all impair my only pow'r to pleaſe,
And ſome more blooming object of deſire,
Excite the paſſion I no more inſpire.

But ſince you rais'd me far beyond deſert,
Above the wiſhes of my humble heart;
To paths I ne'er aſpir'd my Sov'reign led,
And made me partner of his throne and bed;
If I have ſeem'd deſerving in thy ſight
Of exaltation to this envied height,
Let no vague fancy rob thy loyal wife
Of thy good favour, of her fame, and life!
Nor let the cruel counſels of my foes
Upon thy cauſeleſs jealouſy impoſe!
Wilt thou devote thy once-lov'd Anna's name
To public obloquy, and endleſs ſhame?

n your infant Princeſs will you lay
ı that never can be wip'd away?

guilt to terrify, no crimes to hide,
my conduct to be ſtrictly tried;
loyal HENRY, let thy conſort's cauſe
ed by juſt and equitable laws!
ɔt my foes obtain their helliſh view,
ıy accuſers be my judges too!
ɛt the friends of innocence decide!
be their aim, and juſtice be their guide!
their tribunal in the public ſight—
onſcious virtue ſhrinks not from the light!
ſhall my real character appear,
baſe aſperſions and ſuſpicions clear;
nger ſcruples in thy breaſt remain,
vounded honour give no longer pain;
:ongues of buſy ſlanderers ſhall reſt,
ANNA's injuries be all redreſs'd.

Or elſe, on full conviction of my guilt,
By legal ſentence ſhall my blood be ſpilt.
So that whate'er my GOD and thou decree,
My Prince from public cenſure ſhall be free;
No ſecret murmurs ſhall my woes excite,
But heav'n and earth confeſs the judgment rig
Then may'ſt thou freely take my forfeit life,
And wed a fairer and more faithful wife;
Then may'ſt thou openly thy love proclaim,
Nor need to ſtruggle with a guilty flame.
For ah! too well thy wretched ANNA knows
The real origin of all her woes!
Long has my heart the cruel change perceiv'
Foretold my ruin, and in ſecret griev'd;
Long have I known the fair, but fatal name,
The cauſe of all my ſorrow and my ſhame.

BUT if my fate already is decreed,
And for my Prince's pleaſure I muſt bleed;

If, to accompliſh an unworthy joy,
You muſt at once diſhonour and deſtroy;
And not contented with my death alone,
A ſtigma on my virtue muſt be thrown;
May the Omniſcient GOD accept my pray'r,
Before whoſe judgment-ſeat we ſhall appear;
And, in his mercy, on that awful day,
Wipe this atrocious wickedneſs away!
Nor to a ſtrict account thy conduct bring,
As faithleſs Huſband, and tyrannic King!
Nor may he only deign to pardon thee,
But all whoſe counſels help'd to ruin me!
Whatever erring mortals may ſuppoſe,
My perfect innocence my Maker knows;
When he removes the veil from human eyes,
And mortals ſhare the knowledge of the ſkies,
When pow'r and prejudice no more enthral,
My truth ſhall be made manifeſt to all.

AT firſt you took me from a private ſtate,
And made the unambitious ANNA great;
I quickly paſs'd thro' ev'ry high degree,
And gain'd at laſt a diadem and thee.
No higher ſtation can this earth ſupply,
So now you kindly raiſe me to the ſky.

BUT one requeſt has ANNA now to make:
(Wilt thou refuſe one boon for ANNA's ſake!)
Let your diſpleaſure fall on me alone,
And be each vengeful conſequence my own!—
But ſpare thoſe friends (they never injur'd thee!
Who pine in fetters for the ſake of me!
Did I e'er pleaſing in thy ſight appear,
Or ANNA BOLEYNE's name delight thy ear;
By all the proofs of love I ever gave,
Let HENRY grant the only gift I crave!
Secure of this, my cares ſhall be at reſt,
And ANNA never urge a new requeſt.

THE

THEN may each earthly bleſſing be thy lot,
And all my ſorrows and thy ſins forgot!
O'er all thy counſels GOD himſelf preſide,
Direct thy meaſures, and thy conduct guide!
May juſtice be the ground-work of thy plan!
Be fear'd as Monarch!—but be lov'd as man!
May all the actions of thy future days
Receive and merit univerſal praiſe,
And thus record thee to ſucceeding times
Adorn'd with virtues, not diſgrac'd by crimes!

FAREWELL!—and, truſt me! to my lateſt breath
Theſe pray'rs ſhall mingle with the ſighs of death!

THE

THE MALE COQUETTE.

OF all the unaccountables I 've met,
The moſt myſterious is the MALE COQUETTE.
The downright rake, how baſe ſoe'er his aim,
Still points at pleaſure, and the fair 's his game;
Howe'er deteſtable his ſchemes may be,
Their motive all can evidently ſee.
'Tis but, indeed, a momentary joy,
Purſu'd by penitence, or apt to cloy;
Yet he may plead a natural deſire,
A conſtitution ready to take fire;
Without an inclination to betray,
The heat of youth may hurry him away;
And paſſion force him with reſiſtleſs pow'r,
To what would ſhock him in a ſober hour.
But, from this tyranny entirely free,
What is the callous heart-beſieger's plea?

His cool, premeditated, joyleſs views
Admit no palliation, or excuſe;
To him no ſentiment, no paſſion 's known,
But ſilly ſelfiſh vanity alone.
This cruel appetite indulging ſtill,
He aims at triumph, go where-e'er he will;
The nymph who 's follow'd, or who 's flatter'd
The village beauty, or the city toaſt, [moſt,
Whoſe heart appears moſt difficult to take,
Is ſtill the conqueſt he aſpires to make:—
Not that he finds her fairer than the reſt,
More finely form'd, or elegantly dreſs'd;
Not that he ever ſtudied if her mind
Were lib'ral, cultivated, and refin'd;
He cares not whether it be truth or ſhow,
If common fame report her to be ſo;
Her reputation, founded well or ill,
Will make the conqueſt worthy of his ſkill.

WHENE'ER,

WHENE'ER, unhappily, this ſon of art
Attacks a tender unſuſpecting heart,
And, well diſſembling what he never felt,
With ſoft emotions teaches it to melt;
Soon as he brings his victim to approve,
And own a fond requital to his love,
His end 's accompliſh'd, he forſakes the fair,
And ſeeks new victories ſome other where;
An ALEXANDER amongſt womankind,
Still making conqueſts but to leave behind.

Is this a gallant, or a gen'rous plan,
A conduct truly worthy of a man?
To cheat the ſweet ſimplicity of youth,
To laugh at honour, and to ſport with truth;
To rob the weak, make innocence a prey,
And ſteal the heart of tenderneſs away?
In ev'ry ſhape a villain he muſt prove,
Who joys in giving miſery for love!

To

To fame, which fraud and cowardice acquire,
Shall ſoldiers e'er unmanfully aſpire?
True to our Prince, or friend, we ever are,
But no ſuch character in love we bear;
As round the world inceſſantly we range,
We 're thought the moſt ſuſceptible of change.
Let us this odious prejudice remove,
As *firm* in loyalty, be *juſt* in love!
In ev'ry ſpot the truly noble mind
No charm ſo faſt as gratitude can bind;
It ſets each beauty in the brighteſt view,
And even plants them where they never grew.

YE youthful Fair, let ev'ry guard be ſet
Againſt the malice of the MALE COQUETTE!
With the ſame prudence, vigilance, and care,
You 'd ſhun the libertine, of him beware!
Remember! when you ſuffer his addreſs,
The danger 's greater as you dread it leſs!

For one determin'd rake, you 'll ever find
A hundred heroes of the other kind;
And many a wretched woman have they made,
Whom no ſeducer could have e'er betray'd:
When virtue 's rooted in the female breaſt,
The tempter's ſtrongeſt charms ſhe can reſiſt;
Her ſteady ſoul no arts can e'er entice
To tread the flow'ry labyrinth of vice;
But ſhe who thus a heroine would prove,
May yield her heart to *honourable* love;
And, while no guilt diſturbs her midnight ſleep,
Be left for fond credulity to weep.

NAY! there are monſters, yet without a name,
Who, while they wound the peace, deſtroy the
fame;
Who boaſt of triumphs, they have never made,
O'er virtue which they dar'd not to invade;
Or diabolical delight they feel
To ſtain the innocence they could not ſteal.

But vain the Poet's laſh, or Preacher's ſkill—
Such hearts as theſe are obſtinate in ill!
The odious theme the gen'rous Muſe diſdains,
Where reformation ne'er repays her pains;
Exploits like theirs let ſiſter furies tell,
And in their boſoms plant eternal hell!

MEDLEY.

A CHARACTER.

CONSUMMATE virtue we but ſeldom ſee,
And vice not often in the laſt degree;
The good and bad comparatively few,
Moſt are, like MEDLEY, juſt betwixt the two.
With which to claſs him (tho' I know him well)
'd find it mighty difficult to tell;
Contending pow'rs ſo equally divide,
He leans alternately to either ſide;
By quick tranſitions ready to commence
The Child of Folly, or the Man of Senſe.

His heart, *when paſſion does not interfere,*
Is tender, gen'rous, friendly, and ſincere;
His honeſt breaſt no malice deigns to bear,
And envy never found admiſſion there;
No acts of cruelty his conduct ſtain,—
Himſelf would ſuffer in inflicting pain;
He feels for miſery in ev'ry ſhape,
And wiſhes even villains to eſcape;
The bare recital of a tale of woes
Diſturbs his peace, and injures his repoſe.
None ever lik'd, or lov'd, to more exceſs,
And none at parting ſuffers more diſtreſs;
But ſoon he triumphs o'er the poignant pain,
And none more coolly e'er can meet again;
The heart in which theſe old attachments grew
Is juſt alike ſuſceptible of new;
To cheriſh all that heart is too confin'd,
And ſoon forgets whate'er it left behind.

LOAT

LOATH to offend, and madly fond to pleaſe,
He 'll hurt himſelf to give another eaſe.
He knows mankind, and can detect their views,
But ne'er poſſeſs'd the talent to refuſe;
He loaths intemperance, yet oft is found
In midnight meetings where the glaſs goes round;
With nauſeous wines his ſtomach he will drench,
And fall beneath the table—*ere he flinch.*
Oft has he paſs'd the tedious night and day
In dull, inſipid, and unlucky play.
In many a frolic has he bore a part,
When mirth was widely diſtant from his heart;
Yet he is neither hypocrite nor tool,
Nor is he novice, lunatic, or fool;
No man would ever laugh at his expence,
Could he ſurmount this fear to give offence.

'TIS not a ſettled bias of the mind,
A fix'd benevolence to human kind,

No

No ſolid principle, no proper pride,—
Senſation more than ſentiment 's his guide.
His feeling is a weakneſs, on the whole,
Perhaps more owing to the nerves than ſoul.
His feelings may be laudable, or wrong,
He lets them freely carry him along;
He ne'er examines whence they may proceed,
Nor to what future conſequence they lead.
Thus he is prodigal of praiſe, or pelf,
Becauſe it gives a pleaſure to himſelf;
Nor gold, nor grandeur, glory, nor applauſe,
Could e'er engage him in a cruel cauſe;
But when a headſtrong paſſion takes the ſway,
No honour binds, no pity bars the way.
If fatal beauty be the wiſh'd for prize,
He ſlights the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſacred ties;
To lead defenceleſs innocence aſtray,
He can diſſemble, flatter, and betray;
And to attain a tranſitory joy,
The meaneſt, baſeſt arts he will employ.

Tho'

Tho' ready ruin ſtar'd him in the face,
He 'd ruſh on certain ſorrow and diſgrace;
Nay! he would follow tyrant paſſion's call,
Tho' all he loves ſhould periſh in his fall.
True! when the pleaſure 's paſt, and crime 's atchiev'd,
Poor MEDLEY 's deeply and ſincerely griev'd;
His folly now moſt palpably appears,
And keen contrition melts him into tears;
But while the injur'd heart is doom'd to ache,
What reparation can his ſorrow make?
And ſure the ſhort-liv'd penitence is vain,
That ne'er deters him to relapſe again!

IN MEDLEY's heart the ſeeds of virtue grew,
Had proper culture brought them forth to view.
Had he been taught by reaſon to decide
Where feeling ſhould, or ſhould not be his guide;
Not by emotions merely to be ſway'd,
But call in principle to nature's aid;

Had

Had true humanity ſupplied the part
Of ſilly childiſh tenderneſs of heart,
Then would a god-like charity inſpire,
Not with a blazing and remitting fire,
But with the gentle unconſuming flame
That makes beneficence its conſtant aim.
Then could no paſſion cruelly control
The firm and ſettled purpoſe of his ſoul;
From ſuch apparent contradictions free,
Calm and conſiſtent would his conduct be;
Then had he never felt internal ſtrife,
But Virtue been the bus'neſs of his life.

T

TO THE COCKADE.

"Badge of the Brave, and fav'rite of the Fair."

HOU mighty thing, that can impart
'reſh fierceneſs to the bold;
at fires at once the tender heart,
And even warms the cold!

houſand charms thou canſt beſtow,
Moſt wond'rous, warlike toy!
ou giv'ſt new ſmartneſs to the beau,
And manhood to the boy;

ertain captivating grace,
A manner kind and brave,
nartial meaning to the face,
Which Nature never gave.

How many a heart from love were free,
Unleſs by thee betray'd!
And many a wanton, but for thee,
Had liv'd and died a maid!

Thou precious trifle, often ſought
With ardent youthful zeal,
That thou art ever dearly bought
The ſoldier's heart muſt feel!

Would man be bleſt, thy treach'rous charms
Muſt ne'er attract his eye;
But diſtant from the din of arms,
Inglorious let him lie!

Ah! had ſome humbler bauble pleas'd
My unaſpiring heart!
No wiſh to wander then had ſeiz'd
Nor keener pangs to part!

Then had ſome ſmiling village maid
  Receiv'd my fond addreſs,
Whoſe ſimple heart had never weigh'd
  A *ribbon* more or leſs.

How ſweet had been the ſummer's day!
  How bleſt the winter's night!
The ſun had ever ſeen us gay,
  And left us in delight!

Each tender tie that Nature made,
  And friendſhip faſter bound,
To all my joys had lent an aid,
  But *now* can only wound!

Each fond attachment Heav'n deſign'd
  The ſource of ſocial joy,
Each ſoft emotion of the mind
  My peace can but deſtroy!

Each real bliſs the heart can prove,
Whate'er is dear to me,
My friends, my country, and my love,
I leave them all for thee!

TO MY DOG.

LET not the Muſe diſdain the theme
Thy praiſes may ſupply!
Nor let thy humble virtues ſeem
Too mean for human eye!

Ah! were thy lot more abject yet,
Tho' Heav'n has plac'd thee low,
My heart thy meanneſs would forget,
With gratitude to glow!

In preſent joys ſupremely bleſt,
Unfearful of their ſtay,
You taſte by night untroubled reſt,
And gambol all the day.

But

But did my little comrade know
How ſoon we 're doom'd to part,
Thy joys would fly, and poignant woe
Would break thy faithful heart!

Like thee to future evils blind,
Advent'rouſly I go,
And think that ignorance is kind
Which hides the deſtin'd blow.

AN APOLOGY
FOR THE TITLE OF
TRIFLES IN VERSE.
To Mr ———.

YOU think you properly refuſe
To patronize my youthful Muſe,
In ſaying, with a ſolemn air,
That TRIFLES are beneath your care;

And that no man of common ſenſe
For Trifles would incur expence.
But faith! good Sir, in this I find
But little knowledge of mankind;
How many a princely fortune flies,
Where Trifles are the only prize!
How many health and peace deſtroy
To gain a truly trifling joy!
The wiſe and fool, the great and ſmall,
They follow Trifles, one and all.
Since Trifles have ſuch pow'r to pleaſe,
The World, perhaps, may ſmile on *theſe*.

SAY, would it recommend my cauſe
To trumpet forth my own applauſe?
Deſerv'd contempt the public pays,
Where Bards too boldly graſp at praiſe.
How many a pompous title-page
Proclaims the work profound and ſage;

Yet read the tedious folio o'er,
Your admiration is no more.
Where expectation 's rais'd too high,
Each fault ſeems double in your eye;
Join'd with conceit, it is but juſt
That dulneſs ſhould the more diſguſt;
Nay, real merit often fails,
Where bare-fac'd vanity prevails;
The world his works ſeverely judge,
Or but approve them with a grudge.
While in my plain, unblazon'd Book
Some faults will candor overlook;
But if a beauty ſhould be found,
Like ſome fair flow'r on deſert ground,
Th' unlook'd for bloſſom ſhall appear
With more than native ſweetneſs *here*.

THE

THE AUTHOR's CRITICISM ON HIS WRITINGS.

OF all the Bards that court the tuneful Nine,
Sure none e'er follow'd ſuch a plan as mine!
A plan!—no faith! I heed but Nature's call,
And never follow any plan at all.
Around Parnaſſus' foot I wildly play,
Safe from the dangers of the higher way;
The Muſes rank me in their menial train,
But grant nor epic, nor pindaric ſtrain;
Nor fertile fancy, nor poetic ſkill,
But rhyme for ever ready at my will:
Tho' ne'er adopting any certain mode,
I neither ſtile it elegy nor ode;
Still uninſtructed in the tragic art,
I write the ſimple ſorrows of my heart;

Nor

Nor better tutor'd in the comic lay,
My Muſe is merry when my ſoul is gay.
My unprolific genius rarely ſtrays
In fictions flow'ry, but unbounded maze;
For me no deities forſake the ſkies,
No fairies revel, and no dœmons riſe;
No gay deſcriptions in my verſe abound
Of airy regions, and enchanted ground;
No gaudy far-fetch'd ſimilies appear,
To render doubtful what before was clear;
No artful ſtory of the brave or fair,
Thro' various fortunes led with claſſic care.
I want the ſtrong invention that creates
Fantaſtic beings, and ideal ſtates;
Or had I talents for the grand deſign,
Yet perſeverance is no gift of mine.

SHOULD e'er my readers find a ſingle line
Not juſtly and originally mine,

That borrow'd verſe, if ſuch a one there be,
Was never knowingly aſſum'd by me;
For mem'ry may inſenſibly ſupply
Invention's abſence in the Poet's eye.
Yet with an eaſy conſcience could I ſwear
This kind of blunder is with me but rare.
To ev'ry critic be it then made known
(No mighty boaſt!) my TRIFLES are my own.

IN queſt of foreign aids I ſeldom roam,
But find the ſubjects of my verſe at home;
Each ſmall event that marks the courſe of time,
Each thought that riſes wanders into rhyme;
Perhaps, aſſuming only diff'rent ſhapes,
The ſame idea frequently eſcapes;
I ſcorn to pilfer from another's ſtore,
Yet may new model what was mine before.
Perhaps they 're neither ſingular nor new,
But are they then leſs likely to be true?

'Tis

'Tis from the heart my ſentiments proceed,
And Nature's volume all may freely read;—
Yet common-place the ignorant will call
The thought that often has occurr'd to all.
From theme to theme inceſſantly I go,
And unconnectedly my numbers flow;
No cool correction varies and refines,
No after ſtudy poliſhes my lines;
Averſe to toil, too ſanguine for delay,
Rough as they ſpring my TRIFLES take their way.
Thus careleſs ſtill, irregular, and ſhort,—
No POET's LABOURS, but a STRIPLING's SPORT.

THE AUTHOR's RESOLUTION TO PUBLISH.

MY partial Friends, you 've argu'd oft and long,
That, as an Author, I have acted wrong,
Not to intrude upon the public view
The rhymes I ſcribbled for a choſen few.
At laſt, ſomehow, my patience is wore out;
I 'm half convinc'd,—yet faulter, fear, and doubt.
Come! let me throw this cowardice aſide!
Self-love, inſpire me, and poetic pride!
Oh! caſe me, youthful vanity, in arms!
And, Hope, allure me with thy blooming charms!
Let me forget the perils that await
The hare-brain'd Bard who raſhly dares his fate!
A martial Briton own himſelf afraid!—
What ſhould I dread—ſince danger is my trade?

Come

Come then, my Muſe, intrepidly advance,
And let theſe TRIFLES fairly take their chance!
Reviews and Critics,—I will face you all!—
By Candor's verdict let me ſtand or fall!

BEHOLD me now my doom prepar'd to meet,
Accus'd of folly, dulneſs, and conceit;
But ere you iſſue the ſupreme decree,
That finds me guilty, or that ſets me free,
Think at your bar no hoary culprit ſtands,
Us'd to diſpute and ſpurn at your commands;—
No Poet bred in academic ſchools
To rhyme by yours, or Ariſtotle's rules;—
No MAN of SCIENCE ſeeks new wreaths to gain,—
A Youthful SOLDIER makes his firſt CAMPAIGN.

IN ſelf-defence, I can at leaſt declare,
My Muſe is honeſt, if ſhe be not fair;

Still

Still hand in hand with Innocence ſhe 's join'd,
Nor ever leaves meek Modeſty behind;
Where ſhe inſpires, no looſe ideas ruſh,
But Virgin Virtue reads without a bluſh.

TO THOSE BENEFACTORS

WHO HAVE EXERTED THEMSELVES IN PROMOTING THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE

TRIFLES IN VERSE,

AND TO THE SUBSCRIBERS IN GENERAL.

ERE by experience and misfortunes taught,
My heart with fooliſh confidence was fraught;
Hope ever found me eaſy to deceive,
Loath to ſuſpect, and ready to believe;
To flatt'ry then I lent a willing ear,
And ev'ry promiſe ſeem'd to be ſincere.
But ſoon I found, while yet in early youth,
How oft profeſſions diſagree with truth;

The faireſt ſpeech may hide the blackeſt heart,
And Nature's faults be gilded o'er by art;
He may be cool, who 's loudeſt in our cauſe,
And want eſteem, while laviſh of applauſe;
This one to all his panegyric pays,
Another is ironical in praiſe;
Some men affect in compliment to ſhine,
And far too many have a worſe deſign.
So long did Fortune, conſtant as a foe,
Inflict on me variety of woe;
My youth had wander'd many a rugged road,
And Diſappointment barr'd each path I trode;
Such flow'ry promiſes, ſo freely made,
Choak'd by ſome hidden weeds, untimely fade;—
That Hope withdrew her laſt faint glimm'ring ray,
And ev'ry bloſſom ſhrunk into decay.

In vain my Friends (alas! theſe Friends were few!)
Who in misfortune had continued true,

Urg'd

Urg'd their young Soldier to renew the charge,
And ſeek protectors in the world at large:
" Some have deceiv'd, but more are yet untried;
" The world is good"—I ſhook my head, and ſigh'd.
" To pleaſe you then, good folks," at laſt I ſaid,
" For once I 'll try an unſucceſsful trade!
" Your meaning 's good, but ſtill your counſel 's wrong;—
" For who will part with money for a ſong."

WEAK were my hopes, and diſtant was my view,
When firſt I ventur'd to ſolicit YOU.
The hopeleſs taſk reluctantly I tried,
And rather look'd, than fear'd, to be denied.
But ſuch the gen'rous patronage I find,
This prepoſſeſſion clouds no more my mind.
Tho' taught, with too much reaſon, to diſtruſt,
I find a gen'ral prejudice unjuſt;

ew converſion has your kindneſs wrought,
ich proves the world leſs ſelfiſh than I thought;
h heart-felt pleaſure I again embrace
ood opinion of the human race;
ah! how painful to the honeſt mind
keep a bad impreſſion of mankind!
to pronounce them either good or ill,
wrongs, or favours, are the touchſtones ſtill.
rts I have found (and ah! too many ſuch!)
om no one's intereſt but their own could touch;
ı of this callous mercenary tribe
ıve all others hate the word SUBSCRIBE;
ether a Book, a Ball-room, or a Church,
y 'll leave the Bard, or Building, in the lurch.
ı, *of my good acquaintances*, I know,—
YOU convince me many are not ſo.

RE the emotions of my grateful heart
ſe numbers can imperfectly impart,

Far from this mild, this temp'rate clime I go
'Midſt noxious damps, and ſultry heats to gl
Where men inhale diſeaſe at ev'ry breath,
And all the atmoſphere abounds with death;
Where thunders aweful and eternal roar,
And horrid earthquakes ſhake th' unſtable ſhc
Where dreadful hurricanes deſtructive play,
And ſweep the trembling iſlanders away.
But while betwixt us raging oceans roll,
Still ſhall your goodneſs chear your Poet's ſo
Nor time nor diſtance ever can ſubdue
The lively gratitude I feel to YOU!
Oh! may I hope my artleſs Muſe ſhall find
Her Benefactors ever pleas'd and kind?
Oh! may ſhe never, when more fully known
Diſgrace the liberality you 've ſhewn!
On cloſe acquaintance may the TRIFLER ſee
Not altogether worthleſs of eſteem!

May never Friend acknowledge me with ſhame,
Nor Patron bluſh to recollect my name!
But, ſhould I view once more this happy Iſle,
Oh! let me hope you 'll meet me with a ſmile!

EDINBURGH,
July 31. 1783.

A FAREWELL
TO THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

NE'ER did my heart, before this hour,
Such ſad emotions know;
Yet ne'er ſo little felt the pow'r
In words to paint its woe.

Could all the efforts of the Muſe
Make half my grief appear,
Thy gentle nature could not chuſe
But drop one pitying tear.

On the wild precipice's brow,
A ſtranger, and alone,
The winds around me bluſter now
With horrors not their own.

The deep that gently glides below,
To others ſmooth and clear,
Appears in ſtormy rage to flow—
It wafts me from my dear.

The hated veſſel 's full in ſight,
In which I muſt remove
Far from whatever gave delight—
Far, far! from all I love!

But let me wipe theſe tears away,
Nor cowardly complain!—
The ſeas that now afar convey,
May bear me back again.

Fare

Farewell, my faireſt!—while I live
My heart is only thine!
Ah! could I *hope* (the *wiſh* forgive!)
That yours were alſo mine!

We ſeek not, when the ſoul 's in pain,
The beauteous and refin'd;
Perhaps as well this artleſs ſtrain
Diſplays the troubled mind.

I play not here the POET's part;
The ſimple truth I tell;
Tho' I may want the AUTHOR's art,
The SOLDIER loves thee well!

PORT GLASGOW,
Auguſt 30. 1783.

A TEMPORARY FAREWELL TO THE MUSES.

SINCE firſt I trode this weſtern ſhore,
Where clouds eternal lowr,
Where angry winds delight to roar,
And rains inceſſant pour;

There 's not a Muſe of all the Nine,
Or tragical or gay,
From whom I have not begg'd a line,
To paſs the time away.

But ſtill the invocation 's vain;
The Muſes will not hear—
And faith! the reaſon 's mighty plain—
The dev'l a one is near.

That

That Muſe, indeed, who ſhould forſake
Her HELICON's pure tide,
Would find ſhe made a groſs miſtake
To trudge to muddy CLYDE.

That Bard would ſadly over-reach
(Had any Bard ſuch ſkill)
Who 'd drag his Muſe to this bare beach
From fair Parnaſſus' hill.

Farewell a while, dear Muſes all!
I 'll plague you *here* no more;—
But be propitious to my call
On ſome more pleaſant ſhore!

GREENOCK,
Sept. 12. 1783.

WRIT-

WRITTEN AT LAMLASH IN ARRAN.

October 3. 1783.

TO ARRAN, gentle Muſes, fly,
And leave the city's buſtling throng!
Here ev'ry ſcene that meets the eye,
Seems ſuited to the Poet's ſong!

Content has fix'd her dwelling here,
And claims the Bard's approving ſmile;
Yet may a lover drop a tear,
Thou gentle genius of the iſle?

Thy ſons ne'er learn'd in folly's ſchools
The dear bought knowledge of mankind;
But, led by Nature's ſimple rules,
The peaceful paths of love they find.

Hail,

appy vales! bleſt mountains hail!
' wild and rugged you appear,
ion will not here aſſail,
: tempt the native from his dear!

l a youth, who madly ſtray'd
m milder climes and richer ſoils,
ft a more delightful maid
n ever grac'd theſe weſtern iſles.

ou believe, ye am'rous ſwains,
'and'ring lover tells you true,
eaves his nymph and native plains,
loves more ardently than you?

aithful youth, who never roves,
l counts the abſent hour a day,
ondly, leſs ſincerely loves,
n I who over oceans ſtray.

Should you condemn (as ſure you muſt)
A madneſs ne'er infecting you,
Will you, bleſt ruſtics, think it juſt
To pity pains you never knew?

WRITTEN AT LAMLASH IN ARRAN.

October 7. 1783.

FAIR blow the winds, the fav'ring billows roll,
And expectation fills each ſanguine ſoul;
Hope gaily wantons in the ſpreading ſail,
Plays in the wave, and whiſpers thro' the gale;
Almoſt already ſeems the voyage o'er,
And fancy wafts us to the wiſh'd-for ſhore:
When on a ſudden clouds o'erſpread the ſkies,
The ſurges ſwell, and adverſe winds ariſe;
In vain the fearleſs mariners exert
The utmoſt efforts of the nautic art;
Vain are the ſeaman's toil, the pilot's ſkill,
The merchant's wiſhes, or the maſter's will;

Drove

Drove at the mercy of th' unruly wind,
The veſſel ſteers a courſe they ne'er deſign'd;
Each joyous hope, each flatt'ring fancy croſs'd,
We land, repining, on this barren coaſt.
May ev'ry impious murmur be forgiven,
We dar'd to breathe againſt the will of Heaven!
Hark! poor weak mortals, how the tempeſts roar!
(Loud are the waves, and rocky is the ſhore!)
And bleſs th' unerring pow'r, the wiſer guide,
That ſent th' oppoſing blaſt, and meeting tide!
Let us contemplate, with a grateful ſmile,
The bleak, the bare, but hoſpitable iſle!
But for the ſhelter of this friendly coaſt,
On rough Hibernian rocks the bark had toſs'd;
On angry ſeas our breathleſs bodies bore,
Had never, never, reach'd our native ſhore!
Behold the mother, haggard, pale, and wild,
Rave in diſtraction for a darling child!
What horrors ſeize the fond, the faithful wife,
Bereav'd of ev'ry happineſs in life!

Still keener pangs the tender maid muſt feel!—
The grief 's moſt bitter which we muſt conceal.—
(Th' unfeeling world preſumes to diſapprove
The gen'rous ſorrow of a heart in love!)
How poor ſo e'er in fortune, or in mind,
Each wretch had left ſome weeping friend behind!
Bleſs'd be this beach, prophanely curs'd of late,
Which ſaves ſuch numbers from ſo ſad a fate!
For this redemption from the jaws of death,
Fair ſeems the wild, and green the hills of heath;
Now, in our eyes, how delicate appear
The humble cottage, and its homely chear!
The gayeſt flow'rs now deck this worſt of ſoils,
And ARRAN blooms the lovelieſt of iſles!

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From the Union Preſs,
June 30. 1784.

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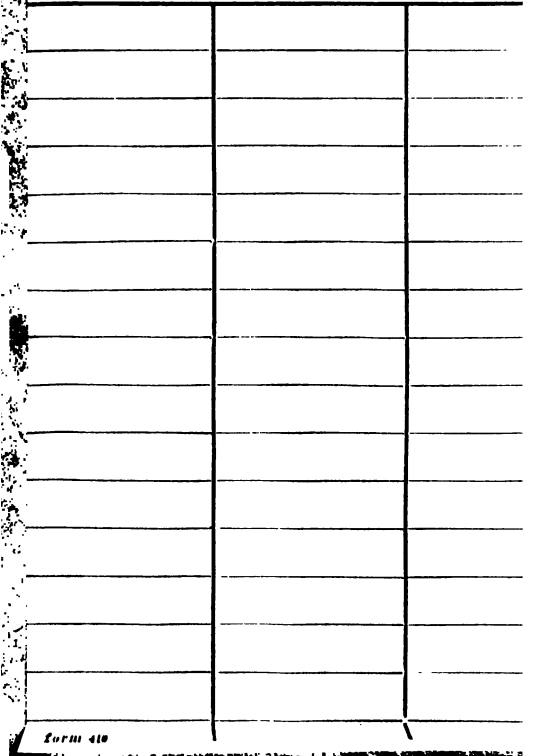

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